

The Sketch

No. 1002.—Vol. LXXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1912,

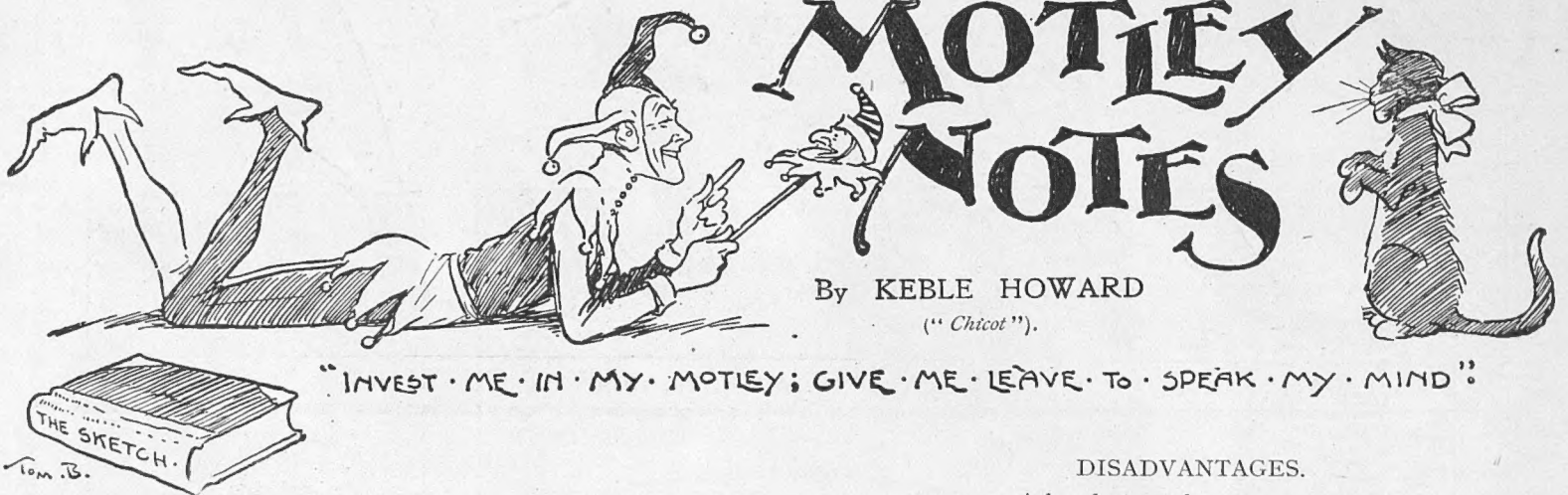
SIXPENCE.



TO MARRY THE MARQUESS OF STAFFORD ON THE 11TH: LADY EILEEN BUTLER.

The Marquess of Stafford, elder son of the Duke of Sutherland, was twenty-three last August, and is a Captain in the 5th (Sutherlandshire and Caithness) Battalion of the Seaforth Highlanders, as well as Chairman of the Sutherlandshire Territorial Force Association. He stood as Liberal Unionist candidate for Sutherlandshire at the last General Election, but was defeated. At King Edward the Seventh's Coronation he was one of the pages chosen to bear Queen Alexandra's train. Lady Eileen Butler, elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lanesborough, was twenty last November. She was one of Queen Mary's train-bearers at the Coronation of last June.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND"

DISADVANTAGES.

1. A band at meals.
2. A fashionable crowd.
3. Hawkers of picture-postcards.
4. Itinerant musicians.
5. Penny-in-the-slot machines.
6. Pestiferous 'longshoremen.
7. Youths in socks.
8. Religious bands.
9. A racing motor track along the Front.

"Who Owns the Air?"

"The question of the proprietorship of the air," says Reuter, "has been raised by an action brought against M. Maurice Farman, the airman, by farmers whose lands surround his aerodrome at Buc. They complain of the disturbance caused by the too frequent passage of aeroplanes over their land, claim heavy compensation, and ask for the prohibition of flying at a height less than 656 feet. Other aeronautical manufacturers have associated themselves with M. Farman in defending the suit, which has been set down for hearing next June."

Personally, my sympathies are all with the farmers. Reduce the question for a moment to a helpful absurdity. Suppose the flying people won, and the law decreed that the farmers had no right to the upper airs. Then suppose that some ambitious farmer, with a mad wife, wanted to build a lofty tower! He would have to pay compensation, presumably, to the airmen for building on his own land! Suppose, again, that M. Farman invented a hovering machine of great size, which allowed him to remain stationary three feet from the ground; the wretched farmer would be unable to walk in his own garden!

It is all nonsense, of course, this wafting yourself to and fro over people's sheep and cattle, frightening the wretched brutes to death. We know what we can do with cattle; we have yet to learn what we can do with aeroplanes beyond learning to crick our necks.

The Poets and April.

I have found violets. April hath come on,
And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain
Falls in the beaded drops of summertime.

So sang N. P. Willis, but the "cool winds" felled a tremendous tree last night at the back of my cottage.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the spirit of love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

I live, therefore, in hope, Mr. Shelley. Up to the present, we have had to be content with a faint promise of Virginian stocks.

Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons?

asked Tennyson. I don't know, but the village doctor tells me that influenza is rife, and, thanks to the east wind, there are several cases of bronchitis.

The damp hill-slopes were quickened into green,
And the live green had kindled into flowers,
For it was past the time of Easter-day.

Tennyson again. Easter must have fallen very late that year. I have written lyrically of April myself, but I fear she is beginning to be a little bit of a superstition. Perhaps, however, by the time these lines are in print—

Wanted—A Seaside Resort.

Q. Who wants a seaside resort?

A. I do.

Q. When do you want it?

A. In the month of May.

Q. Why do you want it?

A. We will come to that in a moment.

Q. Are there not any amount of charming seaside resorts?

A. Yes—that is just my difficulty.

Q. Must you be silly?

A. I'm not being silly—at least, I hope not. It is the very multiplicity of charming seaside resorts around our coasts that makes the choice so difficult. Further, most of them are well known to me. I want one to which I have never been.

Q. Would you kindly enumerate those to which you have been?

A. Certainly. I have been to Scarborough, Filey, Hunstanton, Felixstowe, Margate, Ramsgate, Deal, Dover, Folkestone, Sandgate, Hythe, Dymchurch, Winchelsea, Hastings, St. Leonards, Pevensey, Eastbourne, Seaford, Brighton, Shoreham, Worthing, Littlehampton, Southsea, Bournemouth, Cowes, Ryde, Ventnor, Shanklin, Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, Plymouth, Bude, Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Bridgwater, Minehead, Weston-super-Mare, Rhyl, Llandudno, and New Brighton.

Q. How about Blackpool?

A. I have been there twice.

Why I Want It.

I want it because of the following conversation with my doctor. "How long is it," he asked, "since you had a complete holiday—a holiday entirely without work?"

"Well," I replied, after some consideration, "about eighteen months ago I went to America."

"How long were you away?"

"About four months."

"And you did no work at all during those four months?"

"Except writing an account of my adventures for the *Sketch*."

"Then it was not a holiday."

"Wait! When I went out West, I did no actual writing—merely made notes."

"But you did a good deal of travelling?"

"Roughly, seven thousand miles."

"In how long?"

"Three weeks."

"Pretty sort of holiday! You must take a clear month, my friend, and take it soon. You may write two articles a week—nothing more."

Pros and Cons.

If any friend the reader can put me on to the right place for such a holiday, I shall be immensely grateful. In order to help him further, I have drawn up two little lists—one of advantages, the other of disadvantages (from my present point of view). Here they are—

ADVANTAGES.

1. Quiet but not too quiet.
2. Bracing air.
3. Warm sun.
4. A small, comfortable hotel with a good cook.
5. Golf links suitable for a beginner. (I wish to be neither a stumbling-block nor a laughing-stock to other players.)

FASHION THE LAW MAY PUT DOWN: THE NEW TURKISH WOMAN.



WITH THE ALL-ENVELOPING CLOAK BECOME A CAPE, AND THE YASHMAK A EUROPEAN VEIL: FASHIONABLE TURKISH WOMEN IN COSTUMES FOR WHICH, SAYS A SHEIKH, THEY WILL BE CALLED TO ACCOUNT IN THE OTHER WORLD.

The new order of things in Turkey has led to a widespread movement towards the emancipation of Moslem women in the Ottoman Empire. The Young Turks are much concerned about this, and are fighting it as much as they can. Further, the Sheikh Ul Islam, referring to the abbreviation of the all-enveloping charshaf into a short cape and the changing of the thick yashmak into a thin European veil, has warned Moslem women that if they adopt such fashions they will surely be called to account in the other world, and the Government has added a paragraph to the penal code which may make it possible to punish them for so doing. The young Turkish women on the right are wearing the short cape made to do duty for the old charshaf, and the European form of veil. The women on the left are wearing the old form of charshaf and veil.

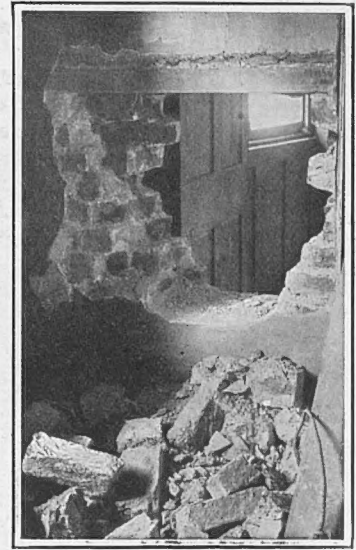
THE TUNNELLING OF THIEVES; THE BOMB-DROPPING OF AIRMEN.



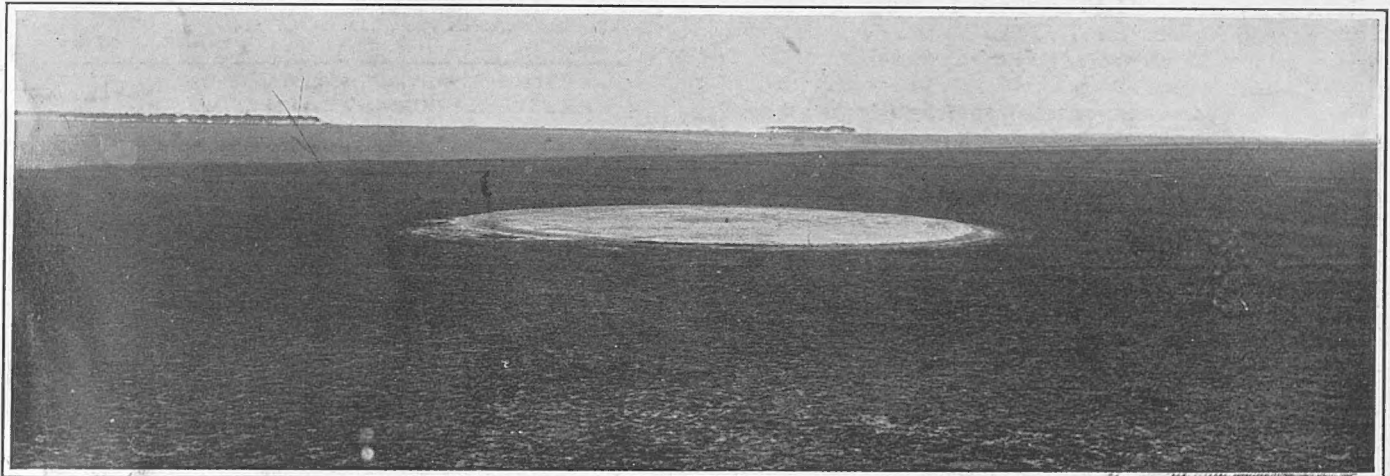
THE £10,000 REGENT STREET JEWEL ROBBERY: THE HOLE IN THE 12-IN. WALL BETWEEN THE IRISH LINEN COMPANY'S STORE-ROOM AND MESSRS. GOODYER'S.



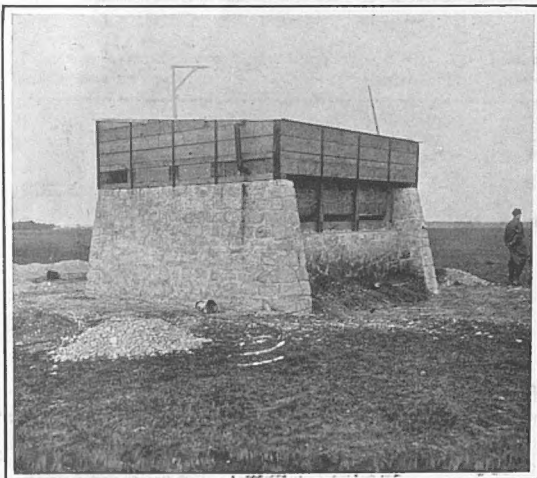
THE TUNNEL-THROUGH-THE-WALLS BURGLARY: THE PREMISES THROUGH WHICH THE REGENT STREET THIEVES CUT THEIR WAY DURING A WEEK-END.



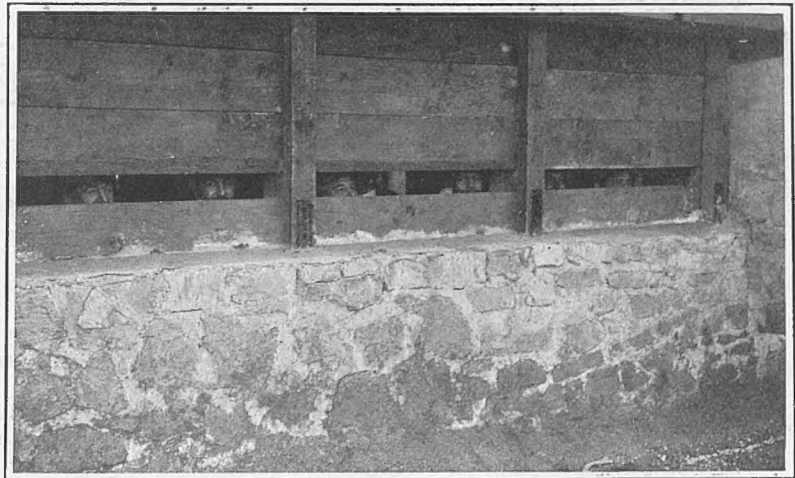
THE FIRST "PASSAGE" MADE BY THE BURGLARS: THE HOLE CUT THROUGH THE 18-IN. WALL BETWEEN THE COTTAGE TEA-ROOMS AND THE IRISH LINEN COMPANY'S.



HIT BY BOMBS DROPPED FROM FLYING-MACHINES: THE MICHELIN AERO-TARGET, 10 METRES (ABOUT 32½ FEET) IN DIAMETER.



BUILT FOR THE JUDGES IN THE EXPLOSIVE-DROPPING COMPETITION FOR AIRMEN: A BOMB-PROOF SHELTER.



LOOKING AT THE BOMB-DROPPING OF FLYING-MACHINES: JUDGES WATCHING THE EVENT IN SAFETY IN A BOMB-PROOF SHELTER.

During the week-end of March 30-April 1 thieves entered the Cottage Tea-Rooms, at 172, Regent Street, by means of a rope-ladder, got into the manager's private office, tore down a cupboard, and bored a hole through a wall 18 in. thick. Through this they passed to the store-room of the Irish Linen Company. Then they bored through 12 in. of bricks and mortar into Messrs. Goodyer's. Next they forced an iron gate, pierced an 18-in. wall, and got into the show-room of Mr. P. Ettlinger, wholesale jeweller. From there they took goods valued at £10,000.—The lower three photographs on the page illustrate the recent bomb-dropping test for a Michelin prize.

Photographs by Topical and M. Rol.

THE EARL OF CHESTER GOES TO FRANCE.



1. WITH HIS HOST ON HIS RIGHT, AND M. LÉPINE, THE FAMOUS CHIEF OF THE FRENCH POLICE, ON HIS LEFT: THE PRINCE OF WALES LEAVING THE GARE DU NORD ON HIS ARRIVAL IN PARIS.

2. SETTING OUT FOR PARIS THAT HE MAY PERFECT HIS FRENCH, AND GOING ABROAD FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE PRINCE OF WALES WALKING UP THE GANGWAY OF THE "ENGADINE," AT DOVER.

On Monday of last week the Prince of Wales, travelling as the Earl of Chester, the name by which he will be known during his stay in France, left Dover for Paris, where he is to remain for a month or two as the guest of the Marquis and Marquise de Breteuil, in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, chiefly that he may perfect his French. His Royal Highness's host and hostess were old friends of his grandfather. The Marquis Henri Charles Joseph de Breteuil, who is sixty-four, is exceedingly well known in Parisian society. From 1877 to 1892 he was a member of the Chamber of Deputies. He has two sons: Comte Francois, who is two years older than the Prince of Wales, and Comte Jacques, who is the same age as the Prince. Before her marriage, the Marquise was known as Miss Garner, a famous American beauty. The country seat of the Earl of Chester's host and hostess is the Château de Bévilliers, at Breteuil, a few miles from Paris.—[Photographs by L.N.A.]

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On Tuesday April 9, will be produced Shakespeare's
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East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE Adelphi Play Society presented, at the Little Theatre, a
curious play by Tchekhof, a dramatist rather fashionable
among the elect. It is called "The Seagull," and Mr. Calderon
has made an able translation. Unfortunately, the performance was
not satisfactory, though there was clever work by Miss Gertrude
Kingston, as a selfish sentimental actress, with a very unreal view
of life, whilst Miss Mary Mackenzie showed some sense of character.
The piece has already been given successfully at Glasgow by the
Repertory Theatre, and it exhibits so much real cleverness in its
picture of Russian Bohemian life and study of the effect of career
upon character, that it is to be hoped it will be given again under
more favourable circumstances.

The Academy of Dramatic Art at their annual matinée gave
proof of the excellent work which is being done in training those
who wish to go upon the stage. The first act of "Trelawny of the
Wells" was very creditably played, and showed most promising
work from Mr. L. E. Notcutt, Mr. R. K. Young, and Miss Irene
Hentschel; but still better was a scene from Mr. Galsworthy's
"Strife," in which Mr. E. Douglas shone as the little Welsh agitator.
David Roberts, and Miss B. St. Aubyn played with real pathos as his
wife. In a passage from Beaumarchais, Miss I. E. Moon and
Miss O. W. Davies spoke French very prettily, and Miss S. Sparkes
acted brightly in scenes from Shakespeare, and showed considerable
ability in the pantomime of a little wordless play.

In producing "The Burden," the Play Actors, at the Court
Theatre, did their duty, since the work, for all its undoubted faults,
was worth a trial. The production may do something to show the
author, Mr. A. Hergate Edwards, that earnest views and a good
central idea must be expressed in simpler dialogue, with less senten-
tiousness and unnecessary repetition. There was some clever
acting, particularly by Miss Inez Bensusan, Mr. Charles King, and
Mr. Hugh Tabberer.

COLONEL G. T. FORESTIER-WALKER.

On the front page of our issue of March 27, we gave a photograph
purporting to show Colonel G. T. Forestier-Walker coming a cropper
at the twenty-first jump in the Welter Race at the recent Grand
Military Point-to-Point Meeting at Hopping Hill. We have since
been informed that the rider who thus came to grief was not Colonel
Forestier-Walker, and we hasten to express our great regret that his
name should have been associated with the accident. The error in
identity was due to wrong information supplied with the photograph,
and we have much pleasure in giving publicity to this correction.

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LONDON: HUTCHINSON & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.



The Passing of the Coal Strike.

By the time these lines are in print London will probably have forgotten that there has been a coal strike, and the coal-wagons will once again be moving about the streets, for as soon as the miners are at work again all the stores of coal hoarded up by merchants in case the strike should be a long one will be released, and Londoners will once again walk the streets warily because of open traps and avalanches of coal descending from carts. A few pessimists are talking about the next coal strike, and one man who is always prepared for the worst told me with glee that he had converted a tool-house at the bottom of his garden into a second coal-cellar, and will be permanently prepared for a two-months strike in the near future. So far as Clubland is concerned, a few clubs here and there, which have their own generating plant, have turned out their electric lamps at an earlier hour than usual to save coal, and the advantages of fire-bricks as a means of saving fuel have been discovered by many secretaries and stewards. Every householder in London has learned how to keep his rooms warm with the least possible consumption of fuel, and even though the cost of coal may remain higher than it was before the strike, the bills paid for fuel by careful housewives will be lower than they were before the great trial came upon the nation.

A Royal Visit to Harrow.

The King and Queen have intimated their intention to visit Harrow-on-the-Hill during the summer, and it is hoped that their visit may coincide with Speech Day. This and Founder's Day are the great gathering days for Old Harrovians at the School on the Hill. It may be, however, that their Majesties may prefer to see the school on some summer afternoon when a cricket match is in progress on the ground at the foot of the hill; but if they do go to Harrow on Speech Day they will be cheered with all the concentrated lung-power Harrow possesses. It is the custom after speeches are over for the boys to gather in the road before the new Speech Room. A master stands at the angle of the steps and calls out to the boys below the names of the distinguished visitors as they come out of the door, and each of them gets his meed of cheers. It is a pretty ceremony, and many a distinguished statesman and many a distinguished soldier, old Harrovians, have confessed that the cheers of the boys of their old school have given them keener pleasure than more formal honours paid them amidst greater assemblages.

A Cairo Wedding.

A brass band which played the "March of the Men of Harlech" and ten motor-cars were the adjuncts of a fashionable native wedding solemnised the other day in Cairo. No Eastern wedding

of any importance is complete nowadays without a brass band, and I have memories of the many applications I used to receive when I was band president of a regiment quartered in Bengal for the services of the band at the weddings of Bengali babus. Of course, the band, or a section of it, did not attend these functions in uniform, and it was a question which exercised the mind of the colonel and the adjutant, the bandmaster and myself, as to what costume the bandsmen should wear when they went to such functions. Ordinary mufti was not considered by the givers of the feast sufficiently splendid, and the fancy uniforms, rather more gorgeous than those of a field-marshal, which the native bands affected would have made our men laughing-stocks amongst their fellows. We eventually invented a white uniform with a good deal of white braid upon it, which differed from anything worn on parade by the British Army, but which was sufficiently handsome in a quiet way to satisfy the ambitions of the babu feast-givers. The one tune which the band was always asked to play some time during the evening was "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," an air which has established itself most firmly all over the Orient. The donkey-boys at Suez and Port Said used always to sing it, and I have no doubt sing it now. If at a Nautch the British visitors were informed that one of the Nautch girls would sing an English song in their honour, that song was always "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," and no native wedding in the days I knew Bengal was complete without the band playing that air, the big drum taking a prominent part.

A Hot Little War.

If the Sultan of Socotra does not return the loot his people have taken from the steamship *Kuala*, wrecked on the island, and does not apologise for the looting, an expedition is to be sent against him from Aden, and the native infantry and the bluejackets of the cruiser to be employed in bringing the potentate to a right state of mind will be engaged in a campaign in one of the hottest lands to be found in the East.

Socotra is a veritable sand-bath, and the masters of vessels give it a wide berth, for there are ugly and uncertain currents off it. I have only known one man who ever expressed a wish to land on the island, and that man was Chinese Gordon. Two missionary ladies sat on either side of him at the dinner-table during a voyage across the Indian Ocean from Colombo, and indulged in that hero-worship which was particularly distasteful to him. When we came in sight of Socotra, Gordon asked the captain of the steamer to put him on shore there. The captain was struck with astonishment and absolutely refused to do anything of the kind. Gordon sighed, "Then you must change my place at the dinner-table."



DECLARED BY MR. CARNEGIE TO BE THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD: MISS VIRGINIA LEE.

Mr. Carnegie declared the other day that he had found the prettiest girl in the world—Miss Virginia Lee, a twenty-year-old shorthand-writer employed in a Pittsburg engineering office. We present this portrait of her, aware that it is not good, to give a rough idea of her personality. We hope to print a much better one later on.

Photograph by L.N.A.



WORK IN THE "LOAFER'S LOUNGE"! IN THE LONDON SKETCH CLUB.

Many of the best of the black-and-white artists of this country belong to the London Sketch Club, and are to be found at work and at play in the premises of the defunct Punch Bowl Club. The members' twenty-eighth annual exhibition is now being held, and gives evidence not only of their ability, but of their serious interest in their art.

Photograph by L.N.A.



THE THEATRE OF THE AFTERNOON: MATINÉES PAST AND PRESENT.

Matinée Madness. As far as I know, the matinée girl and the matinée idol are American institutions which do not flourish on these shores. So much the better, since the one and the other are generally connected with a dying form of drama, in which gorgeous clothes are offered instead of character, inflated phrases in place of wit, and extravagant sentimentality in lieu of human nature. How the now grey-haired and bald-headed critics have suffered in the past from the matinée! Long ago, about the period when the present generation spent much of its time criticising its milk, we experienced a flood of matinées. One sort was given apparently to prove that Mr. X. or Miss Y. was not a dramatist, and the other to show that Mrs. A. or Mr. B. could not act. Most of these experimental productions were presented in the spring or the summer at the Vaudeville Theatre. Oh, the joy of it! Oh, to spend an afternoon, and the next, and the following, and the rest of them, fighting against sleep on bright, sunshiny days, when one longed to be dressed in flannels doing something in the open air—to spend them listening to futile efforts of ambitious playwrights, or watching the attempts of vainglorious players to distinguish themselves! Most of these things were given in the name of charity as benefit entertainments, but it was an open secret that there was rarely a balance to the good, and that the only people who derived much advantage from some of them were certain theatrical agents. All of a sudden this kind of martyrdom of the

I dare not mention names, because I might receive a writ instead of a letter of thanks; still, that author deserves to get on. I ought to add that during the "recrudescence" the Vaudeville has not been the home of the futile matinée.



RESIGNING THE MANAGING DIRECTORSHIP OF THE ALHAMBRA: MR. ALFRED MOUL.

It was announced the other day that Mr. Alfred Moul had resigned the managing directorship of the Alhambra. Mr. Moul first became General Manager of the famous variety house in 1894; in 1898 he resigned; in 1902 he rejoined the Board of Directors, later becoming Chairman; in 1906 he was appointed Managing Director. His reign in Leicester Square proved most popular. An interesting rumour, given currency by the "Referee," names Mr. Seymour Hicks as possible successor to Mr. Moul; but at the moment of writing there is no confirmation of this.

Photograph by Hana.

The Useful Matinée.

There are other kinds of matinées. Of course, I have not been talking about the Wednesday and Saturday matinée of the ordinary running piece, nor of the Monday matinées which for about thirteen seasons have constituted the second performance of all the Stage Society's interesting ventures. There is also the matinée run. In the days when one dreaded the Vaudeville, Ibsen's dramas, each in its turn, found what is called a "mixed reception" at a series of matinées. When the productive career of the master who has now earned reverence, but not popularity, came to an end, there was another interregnum till we had a "recrudescence" starting with the memorable Vedrenne-Barker management at the Court Theatre in October 1904. The greater part of the efforts of those managers, which lasted till Midsummer 1907, consisted of matinée series. Since then the matinée run has become quite fashionable; the other day there were three such ventures on foot at the same time—"The New Sin," "The Blindness of Virtue," and "Iphigenia in Tauris." It is generally believed that the matinée runs get less patronage than they deserve. I believe there is truth in this; for such affairs almost necessarily exclude

critics ceased, perhaps because the supply of "mugs with money" ran out; perhaps because the agents grew too rich for work; perhaps because even the most foolish learnt that no good came of such efforts.

A Recrudescence. There was an interregnum in which a really experimental matinée was as rare as the plums in a workhouse pudding. During the last few years there has been what a true journalist loves to call a "recrudescence"; but, as a rule, plays and playing are better than they used to be. Now and again we have a belated affair which shows that some guileless person, more reactionary even than the Bourbons, has learned nothing and never had anything to forget; but, on the other hand, we sometimes see really meritorious affairs, such as "Bunty Pulls the Strings" and "Rutherford and Son." It cannot be denied that the experimental matinée has, in a good many instances, been the means of bringing out both plays of merit and players of ability. There is more good sense, nowadays, in the theatres than of old.

Wednesdays and Saturdays, thereby, it is true, getting the advantage of a larger choice for the cast, but coming against the fact that it is out of the habit of the British playgoer to visit the theatre on the other afternoons of the week. I have heard keen playgoers groan at missing a piece which they were anxious to see, because it was never given in an evening, or on a Saturday afternoon; whilst it is a fact that to many matinée-haunters there is something inconvenient, almost improper, in the idea of going to the play on an afternoon, except that of Wednesday or the day before Sunday. The habit is so far fixed that there have been cases of people who, anxious to see a matinée, and being unobservant, came up vainly on the Wednesday or Saturday from the suburbs. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that there are many people—queer creatures they seem to me—who do not regard an afternoon performance as being the real thing. Why this should be it is hard to say, but I have often heard the phrase, "I don't care about matinées; they do not really seem like going to the theatre." Such people miss much.



"THE GLAD EYE": MISS DAISY MARKHAM AS SUZANNE POLIGNAC.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

I actually heard, the other day, of the postponement, and even abandonment, of a projected play on account of the fact that the author, during rehearsal, discovered it not to be viable.



"THE GLAD EYE": MISS ETHEL DANE AS KIKI, AT THE APOLLO.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

JUSTICE MIRRORED ON THE CAR OF CRIME: THE PURSUIT.



CHASING THE MOTOR BANDITS WHO HAVE SET ALL PARIS PISTOL-BUYING: "PANNEAU ALLÉGORIQUE."

Under the title "Panneau Allégorique," "L'illustration," of Paris, publishes this illustration, describing it as follows: "The body of the new automobile of which the bandits took possession constituted, as is proved by photographs, a veritable mirror. As the criminals fled from Chantilly to Asnières it reflected for some seconds the scene we depict here—the road, and, very far off, the tiny figure of a gendarme of Luzarches galloping along on his white horse, in vain pursuit." We need scarcely remind our readers that the gang known as "the motor bandits" or as "the motor murderers" have been terrorising a considerable district in France, more especially since they seized a motor-car near Montgeron some days ago, shot the chauffeur dead, drove to the branch office of the Société Générale at Chantilly, killed two clerks there and seized the cash box, and finally abandoned the stolen automobile near Asnières Railway Station.



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

A TRAVELLER, speaking of an island in the Indian Ocean, says, "There is little crime and no prison, evil-doers being banished from the island. Very few of the inhabitants can read or write, and there are no schools." Let us send out a mission at once to remedy this awful state of things. One shudders even to think of it, but it almost sounds as if there were no tax-gatherers.

More protests. There was an enormous fall of chalk a day or two ago from Shakespeare Cliff, Dover. This unrest will never be cured until the authorities give way and rename the place, Bacon Cliff.

A scientist says that it is a matter for serious consideration whether influenza is not undermining the English character. Bless these scientists! Now we can ascribe to the influenza the Coal Strike, and all the other ills from which we have been suffering of late years.



"China," says Lord William Cecil, "has coal-fields far exceeding those of England." Good! At any rate, we shall not want for breakfast while we can grill our Chinese sausages over a fire of Chinese coal, on a grid made of Chinese iron.

Near Arbroath a prehistoric stone hammer of hard, reddish-grey sandstone has been found by a rural postman. As there were no windows in those days, the early Suffragettes must have confined themselves to breaking heads.

ETHEL ON DADDY.

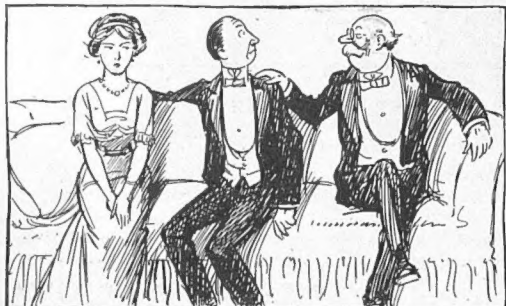
("I would like to draw attention to the importance of the father as a chaperon. It sometimes makes all the difference to a girl in the ball-room.")

Daddy as a chaperon is not a hot success, He's made an irretrievable, irreparable mess Of sundry little love affairs, all owing to the fact He's deficient in a mother's sensibility and tact.

Daddy's no objection to be chaperon at night, Especially in houses where the supper is all right; But, though he's super-excellent at concerts and at balls, He's keener on the theatres and smarter music-halls.

Daddy's not a slacker, but regretfully I feel That he suffers from the microbe which is called Excess-of-zeal; His manner is so hearty that he positively can, And often does, monopolise an eligible man.

If I introduce my partners he appears to have some dim And strange, misguided notion that they want to talk to him; And so I'm still unmarried, and reluctantly confess That Daddy as a chaperon's by no means a success!



A Scottish doctor proves that a rise in wages is usually accompanied by an increase in drink and insanity. This is the best argument in favour of the minimum wage that has, as yet, been put forward.

La dernière cartouche. At Caxton Hall the wretched bachelor man was shown the thirty-two ways of making a bed. If this

demonstration of his ignorance does not make the creature marry, nothing will.

And yet, to think that one little dry crumb will make the best of those thirty-two ways absolutely unbearable!



The *Lokal Anzeiger* has published an appeal for simpler eating in Germany. This would do away with one of the most flourishing German industries. If Dame Nature had not meant the Germans to be gluttons she would not have planted Marienbad, Karlsbad, Kissingen, and the rest in their midst.

Pale blue has now been added to the colours in which a widow may be married. Soon we shall do away with these invidious distinctions altogether. It is a subject worthy the attention of the Wospolu, for a widower is not obliged to advertise himself with a parti-coloured tie.

Fulham Borough Council Committee have made merry over a proposal to put a "silencer" on the office typewriter. They smiled because they recognised that it is impossible to put such a thing on a really chatty typine.

MY HOLIDAY.

(It has been suggested that the overworked man, as there were no facilities for getting away this Easter, ought to have spent his holiday in bed.)



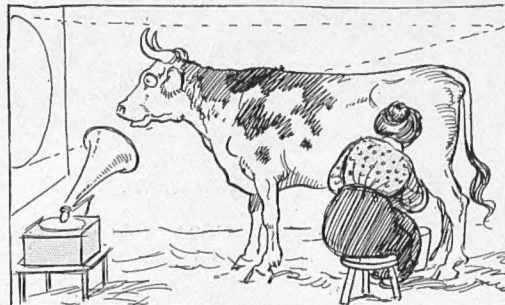
When I, three weeks ago, began To think of holidays, I found that every railway plan Was a bewildering maze. And so I seized my A.B.C. And banged it on the floor; While as for Mr. Bradshaw, he Went hurtling through the door.

Then, as they'd butchered me to make A miners' holiday, I straight resolved that I would take Mine in another way. All Eastertide I never went Outside my house; instead I sought the topmost room, and spent A restful week in bed!

"Life is like a game of football," says the Rev. L. F. Church. Exactly. Mostly kicks.

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton says that animals possess a distinct recognition of property rights, and that a squirrel, for example, has a proprietary right in the tree he has chosen. This is very sad, but no doubt, with the spread of education and democratic ideas, they will live it down in time.

Cows at Fox Point, Wis., to which the phonograph is played while they are being milked, give two quarts a day more than they used to. If these patient animals were only given a cinematograph as well, they ought to be absolutely independent of the rainfall.



SPOOK - MANUFACTURE : MAKING A GHOST BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



1, 2, AND 3. THE WAY IN WHICH MONA LISA, OF THE LOST GIOCONDA PICTURE FROM THE LOUVRE, WAS MATERIALISED BY A PHOTOGRAPHER: (1) THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH, OF A MAN, AND A PALM IN A VASE, TAKEN SILHOUETTE FASHION AGAINST A WHITE BACKGROUND, TO FORM THE FOREGROUND. (2) THE GIOCONDA FIGURE, ON ANOTHER PLATE, TOUCHED UP AND WITH A BLACK BACKGROUND.

(3) THE RESULT OF PRINTING THE TWO PHOTOGRAPHS ALREADY MENTIONED ON A THIRD PHOTOGRAPH OF AN INTERIOR.

4. COMING TO LIFE TO DISCLOSE THE WHEREABOUTS OF HER MISSING PORTRAIT! THE GIOCONDA MATERIALISED BY PHOTOGRAPHY—ANOTHER WEIRD EFFECT OF SUPER-IMPOSITION.

As we have indicated, the materialisation of Mona Lisa was achieved by trick photography, ingeniously devised by M. Thoorens. To get the result shown in the third illustration, three photographs were taken. The first, which had a white background, showed the back of a man and a palm in a vase in silhouette; the second, the figure from the missing picture touched up and given a black background; the third, an interior with a sleeping "medium." These negatives were printed one on the top of the other. In similar fashion the illusion shown in No. 4 was achieved.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

An Afternoon Disaster.

We came by a new point of view of the subject of Women's Suffrage the other day. The question happened to have been mentioned at lunch, and so it may have been held subconsciously in the minds of some of the party during the early part of their afternoon rounds. However; that may be, it was the fact that, at the third, the man against whom I was contending had me at his mercy when he was within forty yards of the hole. He had but to do the shortest, easiest little pitch by way of a hop over a bunker, and then run his ball down perhaps in one putt, but at most in two, and the hole was his. Nothing could have been easier. But, absurdly, he lifted up his head a quarter of a second too soon, and he let his whole body lurch forward, while his weight never was as much on the right foot as it should have been. Many other faults did he commit besides; and a series of photographs taken of what he did would have served for the complete illustration of a book of golfing "don'ts." That upset him exceedingly, and I was not wholly surprised to find him doing the next shot off the shank, even though he had been fortunate enough to gain a grassy lie after his first fizzle, and many other men would have taken good care to make some sort of amends. More disasters followed. A shot was played off the toe of the club; the next time there was a violent dig into the ground three or four inches behind the ball; and lo! my man had played two more by the time he had reached the green, and in the end the hole was mine, illustrating once again that golf is indeed the strangest of games, and that you never can tell what is going to happen. My man, I should tell you, too, was quite a good and worthy golfer, and no common blunderer.

A Serious Undertaking.

Now you may wish to know what this has to do with the question of women's suffrage. The matters are associated in two ways. First, my man had taken a leading part in the lunch debate and had expressed himself with some heat; and, secondly, as subsequent

"Votes for women, indeed! I should just think so! Find me any woman on earth who would have chucked a hole away like that, and I'll marry her in the morning." Only showing how golf absorbs the mind to the forgetfulness of other existing circumstances, for my man was wed already. One other point at which the question of this Suffrage may be joined up to considerations of golf is the fact, of which I am quite certain, that ladies who are associated with the game, as I have known them, have a better knowledge and better sense of humour than to tell the same stale old golf jokes over and over again as they are told by the men. This matter is becoming serious, and I mention it now in Easter week because the first great gatherings of the year, when the golfers from all parts join themselves together for tournaments at seaside courses, are those when the golf jokes begin to be told again; and there are neophytes now coming back from their first golfing holiday telling us all the venerable tales that their grandfathers told before them; and there are weary men who have been bored to death by the chestnuts that have been inflicted upon them.



AT PRINCE'S GOLF CLUB, SANDWICH: THE CLUB-HOUSE.

Bad Season for Jokes. I believe this is going to be a bad season

for the telling of golf jokes, for it has made a wretched beginning. I think that one of the two very oldest and most oft-repeated yarns of the links is that terrible thing about the man exclaiming that he could not be expected to hole his putts because the thingummy sea was covered with ships. This might have sounded well at the time when Mary Queen of Scots was playing at St. Andrews, but it won't do now. It was printed on an average about a dozen times a week at the beginning of the golf boom some fifteen years ago, but then a conspiracy to suppress it was got up, and now it only occurs once or twice a season, and then at the instance of people of little account. But the other day I was horrified to find a well-known professional relating it in a column of matter that he wrote for one of the papers, and declaring that it was a true story, too: and now, less than a month afterwards, a new journal, intended chiefly for men, in its very first issue tells



THE APPROACH TO THE SIXTH GREEN.



THE LARGE BUNKER GUARDING THE EIGHTH GREEN.

WHERE THE INTER-VARSITY MATCH IS TO BE PLAYED ON THE 13TH: PRINCE'S GOLF CLUB. SANDWICH.

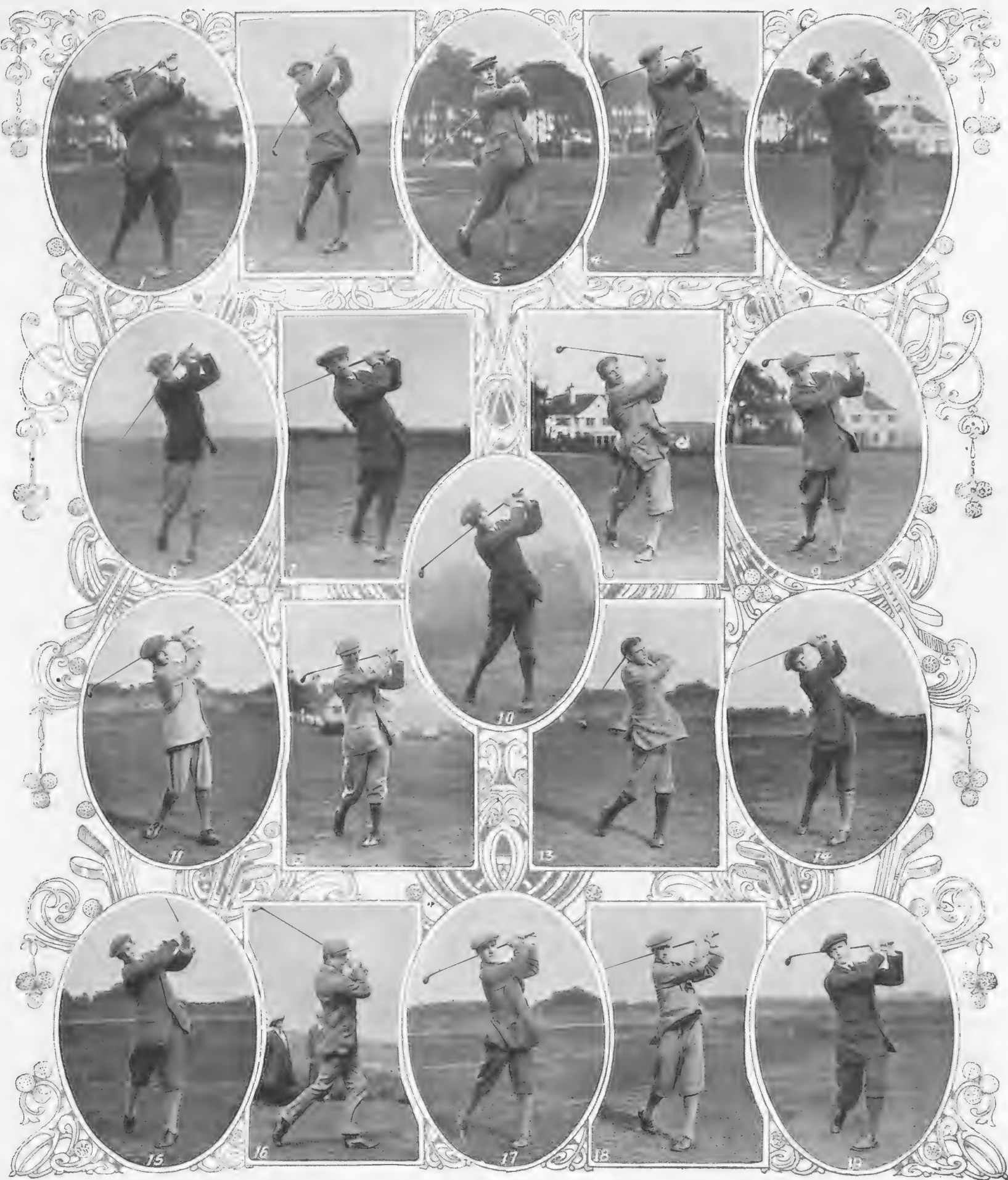
The links have their beginning beyond the boundary fence of the Royal St. George's, and close to its thirteenth green. From there they run north along the shore to Shellness.

Photographs by Sport and General.

events showed, it was still lingering in his mind—even if subconsciously, as I have suggested—when the game was begun, and I should not be surprised to know that it was this fact and all the unsettling influence for which it was responsible that caused these shots to be missed as they were. But this is the main point—that when I had holed out and won, my man cast a glance back on the scene of his torture and murmured with no small show of anger and vexation,

this story at the top of its new Golf section, and makes the whole thing worse by illustrating it. Recently I turned the pages of the new journal that the lady golfers have got for themselves, and I find no old jokes in it. No really new one has been invented and told since the Liberal Government came to power, and my earnest advice to all beginners at the game is never to tell a golf story to anyone who has played longer than themselves.

MEN MIGHTY ON THE LINKS: OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE GOLFERS FOR THE INTER-UNIVERSITY MATCH.

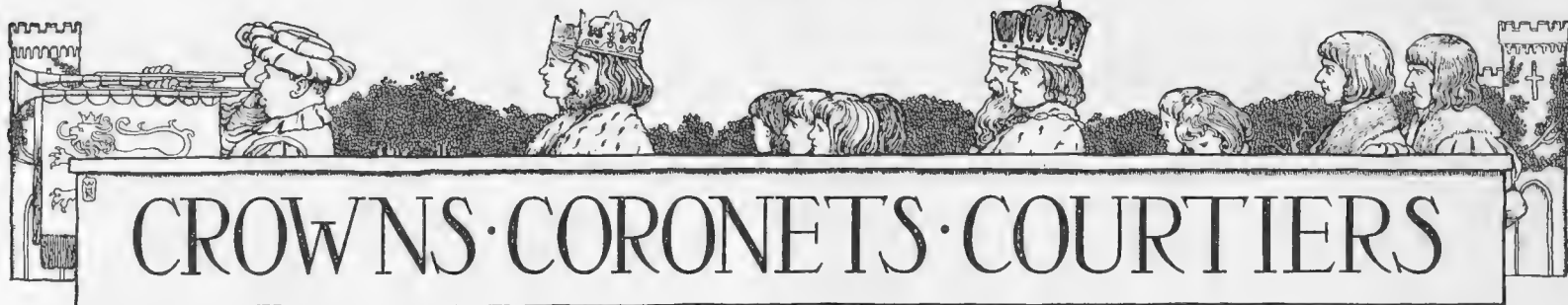


1. MR. B. P. NEVILLE (CAMBRIDGE).
2. MR. C. GARDINER HILL (CAMBRIDGE).
3. MR. F. M. M. CARLISLE (CAMBRIDGE;
CAPTAIN).
4. MR. L. H. ALISON (CAMBRIDGE).
5. MR. R. H. FOWLER (CAMBRIDGE).
6. MR. C. P. MEDRINGTON (CAMBRIDGE).

7. MR. H. GARDINER HILL (CAMBRIDGE).
8. MR. WOOSMAN (CAMBRIDGE).
9. MR. H. M. LLOYD (CAMBRIDGE).
10. MR. D. C. LENG (OXFORD).
11. MR. L. L. S. DODSWORTH (OXFORD).
12. MR. M. TENNANT (OXFORD).
13. MR. G. D. FORRESTER (OXFORD).

14. MR. A. R. SMITH (OXFORD).
15. MR. R. V. BARDSLEY (OXFORD).
16. MR. A. J. EVANS (OXFORD).
17. MR. J. L. S. VIDLER (OXFORD).
18. MR. J. F. MACDONELL (OXFORD;
CAPTAIN).
19. MR. E. W. HOLDERNESS (OXFORD).

It is arranged that the Oxford and Cambridge Golf Match shall be played on the famous links of the Prince's Golf Club, at Sandwich, on the 13th. The idea of the moment is that Oxford will win. Portraits of members of the teams are here given.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE PRINCE'S presence in Paris puts two cities in good humour. Before her marriage, the Marquise de Breteuil was Miss Garner, of New York, and she confesses that it is as an American that she indulges a fair share of her sense of pride in her royal guest. But New York, like her American trunks, is more or less stowed away into the back-ground in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, and in speech, at any rate, she is now a complete Frenchwoman. While the Prince is in Paris, her wide powers as a linguist will, as far as possible, be reduced to being "silent in three languages," and valuable only in the tongue that her guest is bent on capturing.

The House and Houses.

The House of Commons is no longer a place to run from out of hours. The region between Westminster and Millbank is becoming populated with Members who like to live within easy hearing of Big Ben. In particular, the Government is colonising almost within the precincts of the House. In Wood Street, Mr. McLaren and Sir Henry Norman have, like good brothers-in-law, built houses side by side, and Mr.

McKenna is building in Smith Square. The Liberal Lords are near at hand, Lord Lucas having now set up quite near to Lord Haldane and Lord Glenconner and Sir Edward Grey. As bricks are the most substantial emblems of Ministerial confidence in the stability of the Government, Mr. Asquith's additions to his official residence say plainly enough that he does not expect to surrender Downing Street to the enemy for some time to come.

The Winner.

Sir Charles Assheton-Smith's win brought the Grand

National into the ken of many people whose customary attitude towards the Turf is one of enthusiastic avoidance. His success was welcome to people who go to the races, and welcome to people who never go to them. Even Mrs. Meredith's musical party paused over its tea and scores to beam upon the visitor who brought news of the result. Sir Charles, who has not been well, was represented on the course by his son, Mr. Robin Duff, through whose marriage Lord Lonsdale could proudly claim connection with the winning owner. Sir Charles himself married for a third time the year before his son's alliance with Lord Lonsdale's niece.

Facile Princeps.

An engagement is not the only thing that makes a couple conspicuous at a succession of dances.

Miss Löhr must be looked at, wherever she may be, and Mr. Prinsep has some of the stature that set his father half-a-head above the crowd at an Academy private view. At Burlington House he and the Duke of Rutland had a way of encountering each other's gaze among the topmost birds and leaves of feminine hats. Val Prinsep figures in one of Rossetti's "Limericks"—

There is a big Artist named Val,
The roughs' and the prize-fighters' pal;
The gait of a groom
And the head of a broom
Were Nature's endowments to Val.

It must be remembered that it is a great honour to figure at all in a Rossetti "Limerick." The most distinguished friends came off rather worse than Prinsep, and no one got the semblance of justice.

Beauty and the Bench.

Mr. Wallace's remarks to the women he sentenced at the Sessions did something to retrieve the dignity of the Bench, notorious for its unknighly dealings with the

sex. The judicial tradition hovering between severity and a coarse, but well-disguised, gallantry, is perfectly expressed in the ludicrous speech of the famous Eskgrove. When Miss Forbes of Culloden, a lady of great beauty, was called as a witness, she entered his court veiled. Before the oath was administered, Eskgrove gave her this exposition of her duty: "Young woman! You will now consider yourself in the presence of Almighty God and this High Court. Lift up your veil, throw off all modesty, and look me in the face!"

A Slip. The presence of Mrs. Kendal and Miss Lena Ashwell at the meeting, attended by the Duke of Argyll, and held at Grosvenor

House, in the interests of the blind, recalls Irving's sympathy and the story of a mistake. Having given a box to Helen Keller, the blind girl, for a performance of "Hamlet," he invited her behind the scenes after the second act, to explain the stage-setting. His costume, the stuffs of which she tested with her hand, especially interested her, and just as she was returning to her box, he thought that it would be nice to give her a memento. But there was nothing that he could spare from Hamlet's severe costume. The only superfluous things he had about him were the glasses he wore between the acts. A warning bell was rung, and in his hurry he gave her these. It was only in the middle of the next act, during a speech that almost came to grief in consequence, that he realised the unfortunate nature of his offering.



MISS KATHLEEN CHARLESWORTH AND LIEUTENANT SIR JAMES DOMVILLE, Bt., R.N., WHOSE WEDDING IS FIXED FOR THE 11TH.

Miss Charlesworth is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charlesworth, of Gunton Hall, Lowestoft. Sir James Domville, who is the fifth Baronet of a creation dating from 1814, succeeded his father, Rear-Admiral Sir William Cecil Henry Domville, in 1904. He was born in December 1889. His mother, Lady Domville, lives at Branksome Hall, Bournemouth. The wedding is to take place at Holy Trinity, Sloane Square.

Photographs by Keturah Collings and Lafayette.



LADY SYDNEY M. OGILVIE-GRANT, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO THE REV. W. RICE WAS FIXED FOR THE 9TH.

Lady Sydney Montague Ogilvie-Grant is the second daughter of the late Earl of Seafield, the tenth holder of the title, and a sister of the present Earl. She was born in 1882. Mr. William Rice is Rector of Sympson, Bucks.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



MR. ARTHUR MOON AND MISS MARJORIE ISABEL SKINNER, WHOSE MARRIAGE IS FIXED FOR THE 11TH.

Miss Skinner is the daughter of Major and Lady Kathleen Skinner, of 57, Eccleston Square. Her mother, Lady Sara Kathleen Skinner, is a sister of the Earl of Bessborough. Mr. Moon is the elder son of Mr. Ernest Moon, K.C., Counsel to the Speaker, of 48, Cadogan Square, and Balholmie, Cargill, N.B. His mother was known before her marriage as Miss Emma de Villiers Lamb, daughter of Mr. J. de Villiers Lamb, of Sydney, New South Wales.

Photographs by Val l'Estrange.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN RONALD MACALLAN, OF THE CAMERONIANS, ON THE 11TH: MISS BEATRIX WEDDERBURN.

Miss Wedderburn, who is to marry Captain Ronald MacAllan, of the Cameronians, is the second daughter of Mr. H. G. Wedderburn, of Dhu Craig, St. Andrews.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



MISS MARY OAKES, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. LELAND BUXTON WAS FIXED FOR THE 9TH.

Miss Oakes is the daughter of the Rev. T. H. R. Oakes, Vicar of Netley St. Matthew. Mr. Buxton is the son of Sir T. Fowell Buxton and Lady Victoria Buxton.

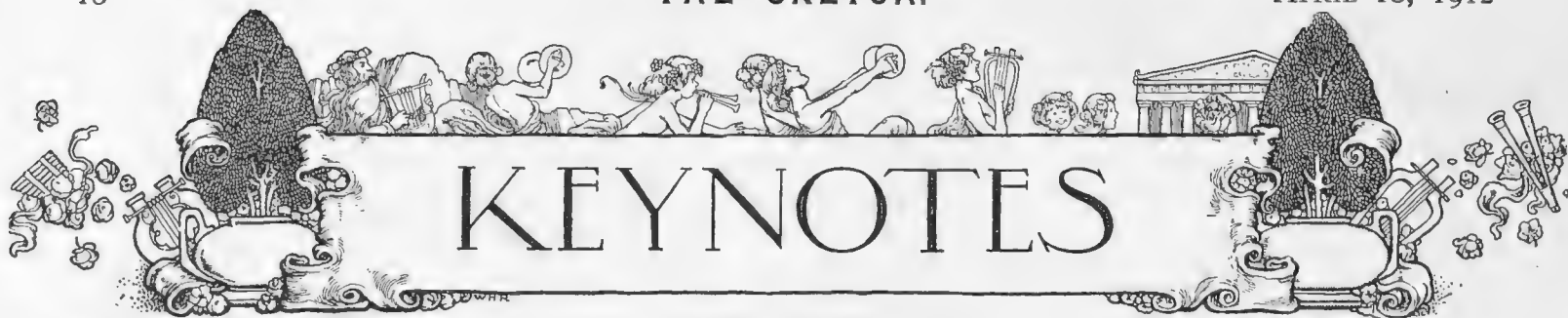
Photograph by Swaine.

A MACHINE WHICH CRIES LIKE A BABY, WARBLES, AND BARKS.



GIVER OF SOUND TO CINEMATOGRAPH PICTURES: THE "ALLEFEX." FOR PRODUCING NOISES—FROM THOSE OF A CRYING CHILD OR THE CLASHING OF SWORDS TO THOSE OF BARKING DOGS OR STORMS AT SEA.

The "Allefex" is designed more especially to produce the effects necessary to the realistic presentation of cinematograph pictures, and yields sounds of all kinds. In its repertoire, for example, are the firing of a gun, the crashing of falling masses of wood or metal, the noises peculiar to the motor-bike, motor-car, kettledrum, the clashing of duelling-swords, the ring of the anvil, the rustling of leaves, the rumbling of trains, the patter of rain, the sound of waves, wind, hail, the puff of a railway engine, the breaking of crockery and wood, the "pop-pop" of quick-firers in action, the rattle of fetters, the tolling of bells, the clang of fire-bells and ships'-bells, the clattering of horses' hoofs, the hoot of the motor-horn, the tinkle of sleigh-bells, the bark of a dog, the warbling of a bird, the screech of shells, the crying of a child. To say, after this, that the device is a thing of much ingenuity is to waste words; but it may be added that, despite its many functions, it is not difficult to handle. It weighs rather over two hundredweight.—[Photograph by Charles F. L. Clarke.]



THE COVENT GARDEN SEASON.



"THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG" IN PARIS.
M. H. DEFREYN AS THE COUNT, AT THE
THÉÂTRE APOLLO.

Photograph by Walery.

in the "Ring" Cycles and the two performances of "Tristan," the singers of French and Italian opera, and the Imperial Russian Ballet, under the direction of MM. Michel Fokine and Alexandre Benois. German opera will open on April 23, and will come to an end on May 10; from this time until the middle of June, French and Italian work will hold the field, to share it from mid-June until the end of the season with the Russian Ballet. The season should open under very favourable auspices; the King and Queen have taken the royal box, and the subscription list is large.

With the courage of its convictions, the Syndicate is not putting forward anything much in the way of novelty. To be sure, the Imperial Russian Ballet promises no fewer than four, but this, presumably, is a matter for their directors and one in which the Covent Garden authorities take but a platonic interest. Established favourites well presented, this is all they rely upon, and the novelties are Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna," recently successful in New York, and "Conchita," by Signor Zandonai, who, if the writer be not mistaken, is a young lion who roars, doubtless "an 'twere any nightingale," under the ægis of the great house of Ricordi. "Conchita" has found favour at La Scala in Milan. It is interesting to note that "Pelléas et Mélisande" is to be given again, and that Baron Erlanger's "Tess," an opera with many beautifully inspired moments, is on the list. Another effort is to be made on behalf of "The Girl of the Golden West," though it may be doubted whether this hybrid piece of work will ever claim more serious attention here than it has received in America, where the conditions for the telling of the story are much more favourable. "Traviata" and "Gli Ugonotti" are among the old-time treasures that Covent Garden will not willingly let die; "Thaïs," Massenet's opera, given at Covent Garden for the first time last year, will make another bid for popularity, and we may look to M. Dinh Gilly to repeat his marvellous performance as the enamoured priest; Boïto's "Mefistofele" is to be revived after some years' neglect, and treated to new scenery and dresses, all of which it may be said to deserve, for it presents a far more complete version of Goethe's masterpiece

than Gounod's popular opera provides, and some of the music is of rare beauty and distinction. For the rest, Puccini is represented in all by no fewer than five operas, and may claim to share pride of place with Wagner; Verdi comes next with three—"Aïda," "Traviata," and "Rigoletto"; Wolf-Ferrari has two—"The Secret of Suzanne" and "The Jewels of the Madonna"; Gounod two—"Faust" and "Romeo"; while the composers represented by a single work are Rossini, Bizet, Mascagni, Zandonai, Boïto, Leoncavallo, Erlanger, Meyerbeer, Charpentier, Debussy, Saint-Saëns, and Massenet. It will be noticed that Dr. Richard Strauss finds no place in the programme, and that English composers are where they were. We do not know quite where this is, but clearly it is not in the neighbourhood of Bow Street. At the same time, it would puzzle the most patriotic Briton to name the masterpiece that is clamouring for presentation. It is also fair to remember that the Grand Opera Syndicate does not profess to produce grand opera for Art's sake, or to have no more definite business aim than to pay expenses. It leaves all these forms of altruism to others, and is content to seek profit and to ensue it.

For what the programme lacks in novelty it atones by the excellence of the company engaged. With the solitary exception of Caruso, who is not to be lured across the Atlantic for a summer season after his long and exhausting labours at the Metropolitan Opera House, it is hard to name a great favourite whose assistance has not been secured. The list of sopranos, for example, includes Madame Melba, fresh from her triumph overseas; Mme. Tetrassini, whose popularity is quite undiminished; Mme. Destinn, the finest dramatic soprano our Opera House has known for years; and Mme. Edvina, who has moved from strength to strength, and is an ideal interpreter of many leading rôles. Mesdames Saltzmann Stevens, Lipkowska, and a new soprano, Tarquinia Tarquini, a Tuscan lady of whose gifts much is rumoured, are also engaged.



AFTER MAKE-UP.



BEFORE MAKE-UP.

A STUDY IN FACIAL DISGUISE:
MR. ROBERT GANTHONY.

Mr. Ganthony, the well-known actor, entertainer, and humourist, has just joined Maskelyne and Devant's entertainment at St. George's Hall once again. He will be in the bill there for a considerable time, adding to its attractiveness. The lengthy Canadian tour which preceded his present engagement was most successful.

Photographs by H. Goulton May.

Madame Kirkby Lunn will, of course, be heard in the "Ring" operas and in "Aïda" and "Samson et Dalila," at least. The tenors include Peter Cornelius, Paul Franz, and John McCormack; the baritones and basses, MM. Dinh Gilly, Marcoux, Sammarco, and Van Rooy. The conductors will be Dr. Rottenberg, of Frankfurt, and Paul Drach, of Stuttgart, for German opera; and for Italian and French works, MM. Campanini, Panizza, and Percy Pitt.

The strength of such a combination is not to be denied. It will be dealing largely with familiar work, but it is a familiarity that breeds the desire to excel and the determination not to fall behind the standard of past achievements. With its long experience of what London wants, its splendid equipment, and its well-founded claim upon its supporters, Covent Garden may look forward with complete confidence to its forthcoming season. — COMMON CHORD.



THE W. H. BERRY OF FRANCE; M. FERNAND FRÉY AS BRISSART IN "LE COMTE DE LUXEMBOURG," AT THE APOLLO, PARIS.

Photograph by Il'atery.

If Unhealthy, Be Healthy; If Healthy, Be Healthier!



KEEP FIT EXERCISES: IV.—THE MANTELSHELF - TO - BETTER - HALF - TO - CHAIR BREAKFAST EXERCISE FOR ENSURING THE PROPER CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

MY KNIGHT OF THE GREEN TABLES.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

"DO not gamble, for you are sure to lose," a flattering friend said to me before I started for Monte Carlo. It was flattering chiefly for my husband, that assumption that I was happy in love—and I lost right enough. Oh, not much; I'd be ashamed to say how little. Tréville said I played like a bourgeoisie. It is because of him that I played at all. I have been entrusted to Tréville. Truly a strange world, that which still thinks the care of woman should be entrusted to man, when one considers that all the rash deeds, all the blunders, all the follies, all the impulses—nay,



MOUNTED: THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON'S CHILDREN.

The Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon have five children—the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale, born in February 1903; Lord George Douglas-Hamilton, born in 1906; Lord Malcolm, born in 1909; Lady Jean, born in 1904; and Lady Margaret, born in 1907. The Duchess was Miss Nina Mary Benita Poore. Her marriage to the thirteenth Duke of Hamilton and tenth Duke of Brandon took place in 1901. The Duke is the Premier Peer of Scotland and Hereditary Keeper of Holyrood Palace. He claims the Earldom of Selkirk and the Dukedom of Chatellerauld (France).—[Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.]

all the naïvetés are always perpetrated by men. I need not say I took charge of my Mentor immediately. I gambled and lost merely to have something to reproach him with afterwards, which is the elementary step of every ruler. "With those ninety-five francs we lost," I deplore gently, "I might have bought one of those little turned-up hats with a feathered fringe. To begin with, one ought not to gamble with unearned increment"—Tréville is visibly impressed. "But," he argues, "one never gambles except with 'unearned increment,' to talk in your political jargon. There are two worldly pleasures: to earn money and to spend it. They are never enjoyed by one and the same person." I do not agree with him. To make money is an accomplishment; to spend it is a natural necessity. The real fun must be in earning it.

The repentant Tréville leads me to a velvet bench in a recess of the salon in order to explain to me how, by his system, I can recoup in three moves what I have lost, and quadruple it at the fourth. We sit between an old woman in a raffia hat and black mittens, to whom any charitable soul would have given two sous in the street. She is calmly folding a handful of banknotes and wrapping them in a none too clean handkerchief. We sit between her and a lank and tormented-looking individual with white canvas shoes and rings on every finger.

Tréville makes complicated demonstrations in pencil on the back of an envelope of a delicate periwinkle blue. I lend him, but at a very low rate of interest, my left ear. The rooms are indescribably suffocating. The smell of gold vitiates the air. I breathe carefully through disdainful nostrils, with my lips tightly closed, this atmosphere of the temple, of the

stage, of the thousand and one perfumes, and of garlic. "The pair . . . the red . . . the impair . . . bound to come out . . ." explains the voice of Tréville faintly, as if far away. . . . My eyes, tired by the white sun of this morning, and now by those myriads of dancing microbes in the air, by so many faces, so many pieces of money, so many human claws around the green tables—my eyes close for a little while, and see again a blessed little bay near St. Raphaël, where a red rock stands against an indigo sea, and where I plan to build a flat stone house and grow olives stuffed with tomatoes, please God, the sun, and Austen. . . . The buzz of the voice becomes more persistent and peremptory: "In that case where would you put?"

"Pair!" I shout with the readiness of the guilty sleeper. I struggle against my torpor and awake to find myself with my nose on the collar of my lank neighbour of the bejewelled fingers. He shifts further on the bench nervously: "Mademoiselle is mistaken, I am not the father of Mademoiselle!"

Tréville is cross. "Here I am explaining to you a really remarkable combination, and you don't look in the least excited."

"Ah, but yes! Do you suppose I am in the habit of falling on people's necks except in moments of intense excitement?"

The most interesting thing in gambling is to watch the gamblers. Only, they are rather alike, if one looks at them well. They all take



FEEDING A PET RABBIT: LADY WELDON'S LITTLE SON.

Lady Weldon, wife of Sir Anthony Weldon, the sixth Baronet, has three sons—Anthony Edward Wolsley, born in 1902; Thomas Brian, born in 1905; and Terence Gordon Mackworth, born in 1909. Before her marriage, her Ladyship was known as Miss Winifred Varty-Rogers. She is the daughter of the late Colonel Varty-Rogers, of Broxmore Park, Romsey, Hants.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

their pleasure seriously—in fact, they overdo it. If you are a gambler it is no good having a hat that suits you, because no one looks at you—at it, I mean, around the *tapis vert*, except some depressed-looking male persons—the shopwalkers of the place, as it were. I thought it was through kindly interest, because I was so obviously a novice; but Tréville said they were there to watch, and were actually watching me. After that I felt very uncomfortable, and when I was not playing, kept my hands crossed on my bodice as much like a saint and unlike a pickpocket as I knew how to. Once I could not reach my winnings, and, though there were many men on all sides, none of them stretched a finger to pick them up for me. The worst table manners are those of the gaming-tables. If you forget to put back those little toy-like rakes on the *tapis*, the people around you almost snatch them from your hands. And if you laugh or talk even in a whisper, they say *hiss*! like angry vipers, as if the chink of gold were sacred music!

In a place so full of systems, that of ventilation leaves much to be desired, and it is thirsty work watching wretches with parched lips and febrile fingers. A tea-table never seemed more homely than after the gaming-table; and my cup of tea quenched deliciously whatever thirst of lucre I might have felt.

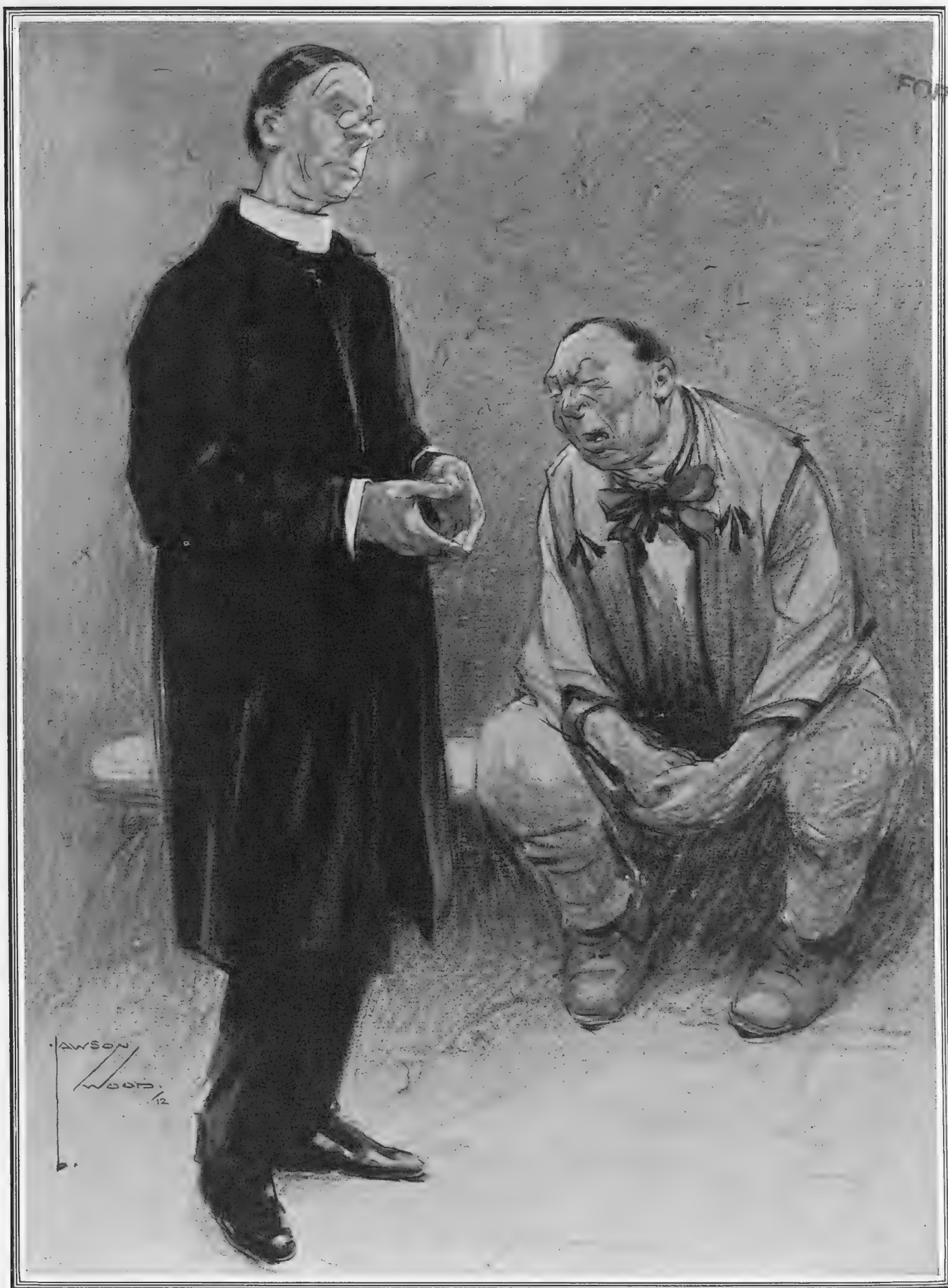


THE WIFE OF THE FIFTEENTH BARON AND HER FAMILY: LADY INCHQUIN AND HER CHILDREN.

Lady Inchiquin, whose marriage took place in 1896, was Miss Ethel Jane Foster, elder daughter and co-heiress of the late Johnston J. Foster, of Moor Park, Ludlow. She has six children—Donough, Phadrig, Fionn, Katharine, Griselda, and Finvola. Lord Inchiquin is the fifteenth Baron, a Baronet, and a Representative Peer.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

HIS CONVICTIONS.



THE VISITING CHAPLAIN: Ah, my brother, this world is full of trials.
HIS MAJESTY'S GUEST: Oh, dry up, guv'nor! Think I dunno that?
It ain't the trials I minds; it's the verdicts.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



A COURT PAINTER ON MEN AND THINGS.*

The Painting of Two Popes.

Mr. Thaddeus is both frank and discreet: in a word, a capital recorder of recollections. He has met and painted many distinguished people; therefore his recollections are well worth the recording. Two Popes live on his canvases: that alone gives him position, for both sat to him. His Holiness Leo XIII. was the first. "The year 1885 was an eventful period in my life," he writes, "for in the winter I went for the first time to Rome, where I was to have the honour of painting a Pontiff—a privilege no countryman of mine had ever enjoyed [Mr. Thaddeus is Irish], and but one Englishman, Sir Thomas Lawrence." The Pope was much interested in the work, but changed his attitude with embarrassing frequency. He had "a preconceived idea of how he desired his portrait to appear. He squared himself in his seat, uplifted his hand, extending two fingers as in the act of benediction, a conventional smile drawing back his colourless lips. 'Voilà, mon enfant! C'est comme ça qu'on doit me peindre.'" Mr. Thaddeus did not obey the suggestion. When the work was finished, the Pope looked at it for a while; then said: "The face I see is that of an old man." "I murmured," says the artist, "that my principal object had been to represent the intellectual qualities, etc., which distinguished him, thus avoiding the delicate question of age." "Yes," he replied, "that's all very well, but you apparently forget *que les Papes n'ont pas d'âge*." Of the personality of Leo XIII. Mr. Thaddeus has several curiously interesting notes. His nourishment at that time was "practically babies' food—milk-sop and weak soup. . . . The one stimulant his Holiness required was snuff. He constantly partook of it. . . . Snuff was a tonic necessary to his nervous system. Once when his attendants forgot the box, his Holiness collapsed during some great festival; thus on such occasions it was a common sight to see the Cardinals surround the Holy Father at regular intervals, in order that he might take a pinch without being observed." Then it is written further: "Leo XIII. reposed no confidence in the honesty or integrity of those surrounding him in the Vatican. Every night he locked himself into his own room, of which he alone possessed the key. . . . His Holiness kept all his valuables in his bedroom." Of Pius X. Mr. Thaddeus writes: "Never had a painter so good a model as the Holy Father! For an hour he never moved." A short rest followed. "It was about 9.30 when the Pope took up his position again. . . . The heat by this time was excessive, and the front of my shirt gradually assumed the appearance of a wet rag. . . . Bad, however,



BY HIMSELF: MR. H. JONES THADDEUS.
Reproduced from "Recollections of a Court Painter," by
Courtesy of Mr. John Lane.

as my plight undoubtedly was, the Holy Father's was still worse. The white soutane he wore (the material for which is woven by the nuns of a certain convent whose privilege it is to manufacture this cloth) is made from the wool of unborn lambs, and whilst fine as silk, is an oppressively warm garment to wear in such tropical heat as we were then experiencing."

Gladstone and
Beauty; Lady
Orford and Cigars.

Dealing with
Gladstone as
a sitter, he says: "Mr. Gladstone had a keen eye for

a pretty face, and I really think he forgot the fatigue of standing in his rapt contemplation of the head of a very beautiful woman which I judiciously hung on the wall in his line of vision, and which he never ceased admiring." More remarkable is the painter's note about the Lady Orford whom he met in Florence in 1884. "The recognised head of the English colony was Lady Orford, a remarkable old lady who received once a week, from 10 p.m. until 4 a.m., and during that time never ceased smoking strong cigars. She preferred the company of men, and her weekly salon was their great rendezvous. To tell her a good story was to win her

esteem, and Florence, with its gay society on

pleasure bent, supplied a number of amusing scandals." That was not, of course, the present Lady Orford, but the wife of a previous Earl.



BY A PHOTOGRAPHER: MR. H. JONES THADDEUS.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



AN IRISH LEADER BY A COURT PAINTER: MR. JOHN REDMOND; BY MR. H. JONES THADDEUS.

Reproduced from "Recollections of a Court Painter," by
Courtesy of Mr. John Lane.

The Human Ring; and the Inhuman.

Let us turn for a moment to two recollections of a less personal kind. Both are grim. The first concerns a servant Mr. Thaddeus had in Florence. "He once showed me a ring, one of the few possessions left him by his father (a distinguished Italian scientist). It contained a large multi-coloured stone. This stone, he assured me, was the concentrated essence of a human body, his father having discovered a chemical medium by which he reduced a corpse to these slender proportions." The other has to do with the behaviour of gamblers on hearing of a terrible railway accident at a famous resort. "When the news of the disaster spread in the Casino . . . there was a stampede . . . for the scene . . . This movement was not, however, inspired by any feeling of humanity or desire to render assistance; it was merely a feverish anxiety to get the numbers of the wrecked carriages, in order to return as fast as possible and play them at the roulette-tables."

When Melba Sang Through a Hole in the Wall.

For Mr. Thaddeus' memories of other people and of other things reference must be made to his engrossing book. There will be found a store of interesting matter—from the tale of the model who sat on the colour-laden palette to that of the artist's disturbance of Whistler's white lock, and the nerve-exciting consequences; that of Queen Victoria's refusal to give a present to an "Indian potentate," who happened to be the Khedive of Egypt; and that of the wonderful night on which the only Melba, invisible to her audience, sang through a hole in the wall for Jan van Beers and his friends. There was much coaxing as a preliminary; then the great singer gave her consent. "Van Beers departed a happy man. By the side of the gallery in which his pictures were exhibited there ran a mews, terminating in a stable and coach-house which adjoined the end wall of the gallery. He caused an opening to be made in this wall, near the ceiling, then had it covered with linen, stained to harmonise with the neighbouring colour, so that from the floor nothing was noticeable. Melba . . . drove straight from her triumphs at the opera-house to the stables, mounted a rickety ladder to the loft, and there, supperless, surrounded by hay and stable perfume, she awaited her signal to burst into song." Never did she receive more enthusiastic applause.

*"Recollections of a Court Painter,"
By H. Jones Thaddeus. With
Seventeen Illustrations. (John
Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

FARE!



THE DINER (*studying the menu*): H'm! I don't know—what's your advice, Walter?

THE WAITER: Well, Sir; I 'ardly care—y' see, we all of us 'as our own hideals. *Mine* I notice isn't on the meenoo to-day. I'm all over pork-chops, I am.



THE YOUNG LADY (*to her friend, who is making a show of paying her own fare*): Certainly not, my dear; I couldn't dream of it—you've stood the lunch and matinée; this is *my* racket. (*To conductor*) Two halfpenny ones.

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ.



THE SAW - SHARPENER.

By HAROLD BLIND.

"THEY know who likes 'em!" said the old man, as a passing dog nuzzled his hand. He had seen me looking at him as he fixed the saw home in the vice on the heavy wooden tripod before him. He pulled his battered straw hat over his eyes to shade them from the level October sunshine, took a fresh file from his little leather bag, and settled himself on his stool. He glanced up at a lady, who drew her skirts aside as she went into the post-office, and began to work. His eyes were keen and bright and unnaturally large for his thin face.

"Why was he down on his luck? . . . Ah, he had been in the Army! Had he a pension? No! Why? . . . Oh, that was a long story. Yes, he would tell it me if I liked. . . . No harm . . . it was long ago now."

The heedless folk went to and fro amidst noise and restlessness, but the old fellow talked on in easy sentences as the file sang in the teeth of the saw.

The autumn wind seemed to grow hotter and the low sun swung blazing to the zenith; the roaring electric trams vanished with the great ugly church on the "Green," and I beheld the desert stretching out to the vast, dramatic circle of the haze-hid horizon. I looked down on the line of British and Egyptian outposts facing the fanatic power of the Khalifa and the mysterious wastes of sands; I visioned "the shadowy forms of men and horses, looming large-sized, flickering; and over all the sky—the sky! far, far out of reach, studded with the eternal stars."

I deserted my post [continued the saw-sharpener] in the face of the enemy. Instead of shooting me, which I wish they had done, they discharged me.

We were out there in the desert. . . . On our left, miles away, was the fringe of granite hills along the Nile. To the right and front the sand rolled away to where the cursed mirages lay all day—growing, fading, or staying all a-shiver, like a rum kind of cinema. We'd seen ruins and idols and pyramids—great things that made you whisper as if you were in a church. . . .

Now me and a chap called Wilkes were very particular pals. He had been my townie since he joined, and I did him a good turn when the room corporal dropped on him for what he hadn't done. He was a quiet lad with regular golden curls and eyes as blue as our trousers. We called him Polly, because the colour-sergeant came round one night and said that the captain had asked him who was the recruit who had a mug like Apollo. There was a "ranker" who was a wag, and he said: "Oh, you mean the chap that comes from Belvedere Road," and he laughed like steam, but I could never see the joke, nor could anyone else in the room. . . .

Well, anyway, we got very thick together. He was a very quiet chap at best, but when we got to Egypt he never said a blooming word to anybody. He went about with a scared look, and one night he says to me—

"Sam, I've been here before . . . or dreamed it! And it's the place where I'm going to die. I feel it. It's awful!"

"Bill," I answers, "go to the hospital and get the sergeant to give you a liver-stirrer. It's the hot weather, and you miss your beer."

"You blanky fool!" he snaps, "hold your jaw, or I'll smash it!" I'd never seen him angry before. After that we didn't speak. . . .

One night our company got orders to furnish outposts, though it was not our battalion's turn. A rumour went round that the Egyptians, whose duty it was to picket a certain spot, had refused to obey their officers. Nothing would induce them to go out, and no other native companies would go either. Lord! we swore at them, and especially when we heard that their reason was because

the desert hereabouts was haunted. We laughed about it over our tea round the bivouac fires, and a lot of yarns about jinn and ghosts and afreets cropped up. But one old soldier who'd been with Napier to Magdala, and talked a bit of Arabic, shook his head when we joked and punned. He said the East was a 'queer place, and very like the natives had good reason for refusing duty; and he spun a yarn about the Night of Power when all the unseen world was kind of let loose. But a sergeant soon told him to hold his tongue. . . .

We were sorted out into our various parties and allotted our posts, and we went off gaily with remarks like—

"If you meet a jinn give him ginger!" Or, "Ask him for a drink!" or, "Ask does he come from Plymouth!" And one chap sang out, "Whose afrit of afreets?" and so forth.

But it was a different tale when the groups got away from the pickets, and the sentries from the groups. There, with the silence and the darkness, and the great glittering stars, and the low scrub looking like beasts or crouching men and seeming to move, it was creepy at all times; but having heard these stories, and the Fellahs not taking any at any price, made you go all-overish.

I didn't get the first sentry-go. I sat with the rest of the group on the sand and whispered now and then, but very low and not often, for every morning we'd find men with their throats cut—under our blooming noses. The Fuzzies were like snakes for crawling up.

The time came for me and Wilkes to go and relieve the two sentries who were watching and waiting and pacing away out to our front. Wilkes had been sitting just like a nervous dog in the dark, with his eyes fixed on objects that no one else could see. The corporal prodded him and he rose, stiff and straight, and went with us with never a word, the sand shuffling under his feet. We changed sentries, and our comrades disappeared like shadows and we were left alone. It seemed to us that there was never a living soul within a hundred miles—no, nor yet in the whole world. And when we parted and got out of sight at the end of our beats, we felt alone in the blessed Universe. The first time we met I said to Wilkes—

"My word, don't one feel alone! Not a living soul!"

"Lots of dead ones, though!" says Wilkes. "Can't you feel 'em? I can!"

"Look here, mate, you chuck it, or I'll lam you, and take the ball'y consequences!" I answers sharp, and looking round. He only gives a kind of moan and goes off again. No good thinking that the brigades lay behind us, and the outposts to right and left, and probably camel scouts in front.

No good thinking that a shot and an alarm would rouse thousands of wholesome men and start 'em blinding like the deuce. I just felt alone! And uncanny shapes began to move on the ground and bring my heart into my mouth, and when I strained my eyes and went towards 'em, or waited, they'd turn into thorn or boulder or a patch. Then, after a bit, I felt that I was being watched—watched from all round. I felt the eyes I couldn't see following every move.

Wilkes met me at the inner end of our beat, and his face was shining with sweat in the starlight.

"Do you feel it? Do you see them? It's awful!" he whispers.

"No!" I says. "Are you mad or drunk, Bill? Where did you pinch the arak? Got any left? I could do a drop, blank you! Pull yourself together, Polly, or we'll cut and run!"

He says nothing, but points to the east and north, and his teeth chatter, and then he clenches them and paces off on his outwards "go." All along my walk I keep looking out, ready to shoot or ştab. I lie down to get any object between my eye and the

[Continued overleaf.]

Outside the Four-Mile Radius: Suburbia.

III.—AT HOME DAY.

It will be recalled that, a while ago, we decided to discontinue for a time Mr. Bateman's Suburbia Series, that we might publish his Winter-Sports Series in proper season. We now restart the set which began in our issue of Jan. 31 last.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

skyline. Nothing! Yet all the time I feel the cold water trickling up and down my back, and cold-fear drying up my throat.

"Let's stick together, chum!" says Wilkes, when we meet again. "There's something d—d wrong about this place. The niggers were right."

So we stays and peers around us, and presently we kneels back to back, and Wilkes fixes his eyes and lets 'em follow things about like a dog again, and mutters a lot of rot.

"See 'em! There! Going past! Barbarians! Thousands of 'em! Camels, horses, elephants, and chariots! Oh, Artemis!" he whimpers, "save they servant!" and he reels off a lot of names and a lot of foreign lingo. I forget most of it, but some of 'em were Bible names—Nineveh, Babylon, Ur, and Sidon, and Sinai, and the names of men; and he seemed to be counting out detachments passing us. "My Gawd! he's gone stark mad," I thinks, and I was between the devil and the deep sea—the ghosts and the lunatic.

"Don't move!" he says, "don't move! Keep still, or they'll get us! There go some of the Guards from the City itself!"

At that I hear soft footsteps and I commend my soul to Heaven, and try to remember a prayer. Shadowy forms loom up, and—

"Halt, who goes there?" I shout by instinct, leaping up and coming to the charge.

"Friends!"

"Advance one, and give the countersign!" I says, my heart beating with joy, for it was the visiting patrol. Wilkes was still crouching down.

"What the Hades is the matter? I see *you* squatting down, too, Sam Evans!" says the Corporal to me. "What's up with Polly? You both look scared to death. Why didn't you challenge sooner, and in a low tone of voice? Keep your beats or I'll report you. . . . Hi, come orf it!" . . . He kicks Polly. . . . "Trying to hatch ostrich-eggs, or what?"

Polly got on his knees, and the Corporal drags him to his feet. Men get rough when it's war, and in the night. He lammed him across the face and shook him, cursing low and tense. And I don't deny it was right, because, while Polly was babbling about Elam and Kush, a whole army corps of oiled Mahdists might have slid past us and suddenly begun raising red havoc along the inner pickets, or maybe have reached the sleeping regiments behind, or stampeded the baggage-animals.

Polly just picks up his rifle and murmurs—

"Blows and the scourge, blows, blows, blows, and always blows! When will it end, O Thou?"

I remember that because the corporal turned to me as Polly stepped off on his beat, and said—

"I'll send a man to relieve Polly. Don't lose *your* nerve, Sam. If he gets dangerous, land him one with your butt. Don't let him shoot all round the shop and rouse the camp, if you can help it. Humour him. We'll be back soon. I always thought he was a queer 'un—he's booked for Dottyville, now! So long!"

Away they went, their boots going sish-sish in the sand. In half a minute the watching things came gathering in again, and the fear was turning me grey . . . and never a sound—never a move! I tried to whistle a rollicking regimental march inside my head—"Here we go to London Town," *you* know.

All of a sudden I noticed that the sky had grown lighter to our left. I saw the moon rise, and in a few minutes up she comes and floods the desert in a creamy glow, casting black shadows. Suddenly Polly clutches my arm, choking—

"Look—look!"

And, as true as I sit here a-sharpening this saw, there was things moving across the shining face of the moon. Misty things she showed her rim through. Ay, over the moon they went, endlessly—out into the desert like a mist-streak. And they must have been passing us all the time, but I couldn't see them till the moon showed their filmy outlines. A great column of men, and at intervals there were camels and elephants and compact squadrons. They were soldiers, but such as I had never seen. They had long, stiff beards, and queer high helmets, and longish shields, or little round ones . . . and they carried spears, and bows and arrows, and short swords, or axes. Rum standards and banners rose over them. We saw their eyes gleam dull. A lot came by clad in skins, with long hair to their heads, and little bags slung round 'em.

"The Hittite levies," says Wilkes in a dreamy voice—"slingers from beyond Samala!"

"Rot!" I stammers, "they've heads like Fuzzies! Here goes!" and I drops on one knee to plug one, at least, before they

saw us and we was chopped to cat's-meat. It was then I saw that I could see the moon through them—besides, they were marching out of our own lines!

Then I saw that we were right in the path of a fresh column, with glinting riders leading it. Polly had fallen flat, but I dug him up and he raised himself on his arms. Nearer and nearer came those bally field officers, with the bearded head of their dead regiment behind 'em—nearer with never a sound—phantoms! A little cold draught blows on us—like the breath of death. One, whom I took to be the Colonel, saw us, and I looked into the eyes that were like a tiger's in the dark. Wilkes leaps up, a sudden fury in his face—his fear gone—his eyes flaming, too. The horse-man's teeth gleamed between his heavy beard and moustache. God knows what language they talked, but Wilkes *knew* him and cried out, and I somehow understood.

"Murderer!" yells Polly, and springs at the other with his naked hands, "Odynë, my Odynë!"

"What? You!" says the other, gritting his teeth. "You here! You damned Greek thief and traitor, the girl died! I loved her. I've got you at last. Die then, die, you dog! Ha!"

And he drove his short broad sword through Wilkes's chest and shook him off and rode over him. And as I sit here, a great man in a golden misty armour breast-plate and helmet come up to me and lifted his spear. I know that he said to me—

"Down on thy face, slave! It is Cambyzes!"

Those were his words, for I remember quite well, quite well. But I . . . But I . . . The icy air crept round me, and the ghosts was marching all about . . . the lost army was drifting past like meadow-mists at home. I ran. I broke through them with a whoop and my bayonet at the charge. I fired into the brown of 'em. I ran. I rushed through our group and on to the rear until I was collared by the picket. And I fought till they bore me down and pinioned me. They hauled me to my feet before the Lieutenant . . . young Joyce-Johnson, and he says—

"You have deserted your post, Evans, in the face of the enemy, and given a false alarm. You know the penalty. Have you anything to say?"

"Sir," I answered, "go out there yourself. The desert's full of marching columns led by a man called Cambyzes, who knows poor Wilkes, and murdered him. The ghosts are drifting past ten deep like smoke on a damp day . . . there's chariots with horses all abreast, and elephants and camels. The cold air comes off 'em like a breeze off ice-blocks!" . . .

"Pull yourself together, man! None of this fooling! I'll give you this chance. Will you go back? Your nerve's gone. I know it's trying work at night. Come along!"

"I'd rather be shot. I won't go back—I can't. For God's sake, send a party for poor old Wilkes. No, you can't, though, because of all them spirits—you can see their eyes, Sir, thousands of dead eyes all looking at you. I'd rather die by my comrades' hands a hundred times!"

"Will you come back and show me these spectres?" asks Joyce-Johnson sternly.

"No, no! I'd rather die! Take me away!" I cries, struggling with the men who held me. I thought of the awful sight of all those thousands of lost souls, and I broke down and sobbed.

"Poor fellow," he says to the sergeant, "take him under arrest to the hospital."

"It's true, Sir!" I said. "Go and see! I swear it's true! You'll find Wilkes dead—they murdered him!"

"There, there!" he replies, "it's all right! No one will hurt you. You're quite safe. Go with Sergeant Robinson." And they marched me off.

Wilkes was found stone dead. The doctor said he had a heart disease, and hit his chest on his rifle-butt as he fell, which accounted for the big bruise they found.

Me? Oh, I got quite well, so they said, after I was sent back to Netley. I held my tongue about the yarn I've told you, and they thought I did not remember it. They discharged me from the army as unsound of mind and unfit for further service . . . but I never got a pension.

The old saw-sharpener leaned forward and took the saw out of the vice and held it against the sky.

"I swear that what happened there in the desert is true! I swear it to you by the file and the teeth of this saw!"

And he looked at me with his too-large eyes.

I noticed that the pupils were curiously dilated.

THE END.



SMALL TALK



MR. G. O'CONNOR-MORRIS, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS CHRISTIAN HELENA GILDEA WAS FIXED FOR THE 10TH. Mr. G. O'Connor-Morris is the younger son of the late Mr. Maurice O'Connor-Morris. The wedding was arranged to take place at St. Jude's Church, Colingham Road, S.W.

Photo. by Piccadilly Arcade Studio.

The End of the Apache.

Viscount Duncannon had preceded the Prince of Wales to Paris by a few days, and on a more mature mission. He went to woo, not a language, but a lady, and was successful. Born in 1880, with Harrow, Trinity College, and the Cheltenham Division to his credit, he has a considerable share of the enterprise that has put his father at the head of a dozen important commercial concerns, including the railway line that links Paris and London. The engagement is another triumph of the Entente and of Victoria Station. Lord Duncannon

AMONG Queen Mary's recent hospital experiences was one laughingly described by her guide as "a narrow escape from radium," that half-enemy and half-friend of experimentalists. The late King ventured much nearer to a seeming danger. He and Dr. Playfair were once standing by a cauldron containing lead boiling at white heat. "Has your Majesty any faith in science?" asked the doctor. "Complete faith," answered the King. "Then place your hand in the boiling metal and ladle out a portion of it."

This the King did, without sustaining any injury, for it is well known that the human skin is protected by its own moisture in lead at white heat. At a slightly lower temperature the effect need not be described.

Whether the King saw any other hand go in before his own is not chronicled.

The Mouthpiece.

The almost unrecognisable figure that did service for Mr. Winston Churchill in the cartoons last week developed a moustache, one must suppose, in a fit of absent-mindedness. Mr. Churchill did, I believe, once try the experiment. Dining out soon after, he found himself saying to his neighbour, "I'm sorry, but we shall never agree on politics." "No," answered the girl, "to be frank, I like your politics as little as I like your moustache." "Well," replied Mr. Churchill, "remember that you are not likely to come in to contact with either."



MISS CHRISTIAN HELENA GILDEA, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. G. O'CONNOR-MORRIS WAS FIXED FOR THE 10TH. Miss Gildea is the younger daughter of Colonel Sir James Gildea, of Holme Bury, Watford, founder of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association.

Photo. by Piccadilly Arcade Studio.

Soap and Suffrage.

Sir Almroth Wright has raised a storm in Harley Street once before, and the rebuke now administered by the King's Physician-in-Ordinary will probably roll off him like water from a duck's back. Just a year ago, London, having bathed and seated itself at breakfast, unfolded the morning paper to find Sir Almroth's repudiation of the morning tub and of washing in general. But the medical profession, and other people, thought hardly any worse of soap-and-water, or even of Sir Almroth, on that account. Such sentences as, "I have been in consultation with twenty-one doctors round a rich man's bed, and none of them knew anything about him," were a source of much greater annoyance to the medical profession than the even wilder flights of his imagination.



ENGAGED TO Mlle. ROBERTE NEUFLIZE, VISCOUNT DUNCANNON.

Lord Duncannon is the son and heir of the Earl and Countess of Bessborough. He was born in 1880, and was educated at Harrow and Trinity, Cambridge. He has been called to the Bar, and was at one time in the Bucks Imperial Yeomanry. As a Liberal Unionist, he was M.P. for Cheltenham from January to November 1910. Mlle. Roberte Neuflyze is the only daughter of Baron and Baroness de Neuflyze, of Paris.

Photograph by Lafayette.

has had an eye on Paris and Parisians for some time. Did not he appear at a dance last year as an Apache, and a very fair one, too?

The Gates of Petre.

The outstanding dances for April include those to be given by Lady Durning Lawrence, Lady de L'Isle and Dudley, Lady Peyton, Lady Francis Cecil, Lady Congleton, and Lady Arthur Butler. But May is the full month. Three important dances have been arranged for Wednesday, the first; Lady St. Audries has issued invitations for the second; Mrs. Meyer Sassoon for the sixth; Mrs. Kleinwort for the seventh; and every other date till well into June is more than filled. If the uninvited guest is really a problem of the moment (but I doubt it), there should be special efforts made to frustrate him when Lady Petre (of Hatchwood) gives a dance at Claridge's on the thirteenth, and the other Lady Petre, at the same place, on the fourteenth. How easy for your felon to present himself on either night and, if challenged, to explain that he had mistaken the date and the lady.



WHERE THE "EARL OF CHESTER" IS STAYING IN PARIS: THE MARQUIS DE BRETEUIL'S HOUSE IN THE AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

The Prince of Wales, travelling incognito under the name of the Earl of Chester, left London on the 1st to stay for some months in Paris with the Marquis and Marquise de Breteuil, who were old friends of King Edward. Their Paris house is at No. 12, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, near the Arc de Triomphe, and their country seat, which probably the Prince will also visit, is the Château de Béviliers, at Breteuil.

Photograph by Rol.



SOCIETY'S LATEST FORM OF ENTERTAINMENT: A THEATRE IN A DRAWING-ROOM-AT LADY EVELYN MASON'S HOUSE IN GROSVENOR SQUARE.

The latest thing in Society entertainments is a theatre, comprising scenery, stage, and seats, which can be fitted up in any large drawing-room, without touching either ceiling or floor, or using a single nail or screw. The whole theatre can be packed in a pantechicon. The photograph shows it being constructed at Lady Evelyn Mason's house in Grosvenor Square, for the performance of the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton's translation of Rostand's "The Two Pierrots."—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

GUNS OUT IN COURT: THE MOONLIGHTERS' SHOOTING AFFAIR.



1. WHERE THE POSSE SOUGHT FOR THOSE WHO KILLED JUDGE MASSIE IN OPEN COURT: A TYPICAL MOONLIGHTER'S HOME IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS, VIRGINIA.

2. CHARGED WITH BEING CONCERNED IN THE HOLD-UP OF THE LAW COURT: BIRD MERRIAN, N. C. STICKLAND, AND VICTOR ALLEN, SON OF FLOYD ALLEN.

3. RECONSTRUCTING THE EXTRAORDINARY SHOOTING AFFAIR IN THE COURT AT HALLSVILLE: THE SHOOTING OF JUDGE MASSIE AND OTHERS REPRODUCED ON THE SCENE OF THE MURDERS, BEFORE JUDGE STAPLES.

4. GUARDED BY ARMED DETECTIVES: FLOYD ALLEN, LEADER OF THE ALLEN GANG, ON HIS COT IN GAOL.

5. THE MEN WHO WENT IN SEARCH OF THE OUTLAWS: A SHERIFF'S POSSE LEAVING HALLSVILLE.

Astounding news came from the United States last month, recording that the Circuit Judge, the Sheriff, and the Attorney of Hallsville, a village in the Blue Mountains, had been murdered in open court by a gang of moonlighters, one of whose number was on trial. The prisoner had been sentenced, when his two brothers and several others opened fire with revolvers, killing the judge. The Attorney fell under the next volley; the Sheriff, under a third; while several jurors were wounded. Then the assailants backed out, "guns" in hand, mounted their horses, and rode away. Soon after the Clerk of the Court and a juror died. The assailants, who have been "ruling" Carroll County, were known as the Allen Gang, from the name of their leader, Floyd Allen, who was arrested later, with two other "clansmen."

Photographs by Underwood and Underwood.



"Wake Up, England!"

In an exhaustive and particularly interesting article on Military and Naval Aviation in the April Number of the *English Review*, Mr. C. G. Grey, accentuating the fact that aviation must play an enormously important part in all the warfare of the future, reviews the position of France, Germany, Russia, and England in such wise that one is forced to the conviction that our own authorities are guilty of some thing like criminal neglect in this absorbingly important matter. In her military budget for the forthcoming year, France has included 22,000,000 francs (£880,000) for military aviation. She is at present in possession of 200 aeroplanes of modern types, and, thanks to the admirable patriotism of the French people, she expects to possess between 500 and 1000 by the end of the present year. Germany has 100 machines, or thereabouts, and her War Budget for next year includes a sum of £740,000 for aviation. Russia owns forty or fifty aeroplanes, and has also voted large sums of money for more. Here the puny total of £135,000 was voted for "aeronautics," all of which, Mr. Grey says, has been spent on useless aircraft and their appurtenances. We possess twelve "effective" aeroplanes, seven of them undesirable and out-of-date machines. Our position would be screamingly ludicrous if it were not so terribly serious. Who will wake the country up?

Success Immediate and Phenomenal.

When the proposal to erect a palatial clubhouse for the Royal Automobile Club on the site of the old War Office in Pall Mall was first mooted, and the scope of the proposition became known, there were not a few who prophesied failure, dire and disastrous, from the very start. The club-house has now been in full working order for just twelve months, and if the result of the initial year is in any way earnest of what is to come, it is surely but fitting that those prophets of evil should hide their diminished heads. In the words of the Report, which was placed before the annual general meeting on Thursday, March 28, "the year 1911 has been a most important year in the history of the Club, and most satisfactory from a financial point of view." During 1911, the membership had increased from 5901 to 6908, up to December 31 last, and about 100 or more members appear to go up for election every month. The number of Associates had increased to 18,424 up to the same date. The surplus, too, I believe to be in the neighbourhood of £20,000. So much for failure and the dire

prognostications of the faint-hearted. The success of the finest club in Europe is more than assured.

The Tax Must Come Off.

None too soon, some sort of official notice is to be taken of the increasing cost of petrol. Already it has reached the almost prohibitive figure of 1s. 6d. per gallon in London, and, of course, more in country places, in accordance with the cost of carriage. At the instigation of one of the provincial club secretaries, the Technical Committee of the Royal Automobile Club are to make inquiries into the matter, and also to examine into the position of such home-grown fuels as are at present available. A hydro-carbon of considerable value is obtained from Scottish shale, and it remains to be seen if the production of this substance cannot be augmented. If the cost of petrol increases, as it is suggested it will, to 1s. 9d. and 2s. per gallon, an agitation for a reduction of the tax by 2d. will have to be set on foot in the interests of the industry, which is already feeling the effect of the rise. In the face of a falling-off in trade, and consequent diminution of employment, it would be senseless to gorge the Road Board with further huge sums of money which they appear hard put to it to spend.

A Napier in Wild Wicklow.

Not content with a continuous flouting of two of the severest ascents in this country, Messrs. S. F. Edge, and the 15-h.p. Napier, have sought for further worlds—or should I say hills?—to conquer across the Irish Channel. The car which had made so light of the climbing of Pateley Bridge and Sutton Bank every day and all day was lately sent on a five-days' test in the Wicklow Mountains, where the conditions were even more severe than those that obtained in Yorkshire. From an extract from the certificate issued by the Irish Automobile Club, it appears that a circuit of 46.7 miles was selected almost entirely through the Wicklow Mountains, and comprising some very steep gradients. In one place the road rises to 1500 feet, and in two others to over 1600 feet. The circuit was covered ten times, and a motor journalist, who went through with the car, says that worse conditions of weather and surface could not be imagined. The petrol-consumption was 19.19 miles per gallon, and the car weighed 3701 lb. No adjustments were made, or work of any kind done to the car, throughout the trial.



SOCIETY AT THE WHEEL: MRS. HALL WALKER ON HER 40-H.P. DAIMLER.
Photograph by Topical.



PETROL AND THE TILLING OF THE SOIL: A GREAT TRACTION- PLOUGH AT WORK IN THE UNITED STATES.

Photograph by Record Press.



By CAPTAIN COE.

The City.

The next important handicap in the spring series is the City and Suburban, which is to be run on April 24. One or two of the horses entered ran in the Lincolnshire Handicap, which race must accordingly be referred to in trying to solve the Epsom problem. To begin with: the top-weight, Hornet's Beauty, has 9 st. 4 lb.—a weight that has not been borne successfully since Thunder accomplished the feat in 1876. The nearest approaches to that in recent years were Velocity (9 st. 2 lb.) in 1907, and Newhaven II. (9 st.) in 1899. The Epsom track is notoriously one that favours heavy-weights, and it is quite on the cards that Hornet's Beauty will reverse the Lincoln running with

Sunspot, Spanish Prince, Lycaon, Waterwillow, and Radiancy. His three-year-olds are five in number, but only two are household words—White Star and Absurd. It is common property that Mr. Joel expects to win the Derby with the former. He has also a two-year-old brother to Sunstar, a brown colt of which much is expected. Sundridge is the sire of twelve of Mr. Joel's twenty two-year-olds, and if there are not some flyers amongst them I shall be very much surprised.

Divergence.

It is remarkable what a number of divergent views can be taken over a seemingly simple occurrence in horse-racing. I have seen a horse win a race in what, to my mind, was a canter, and my neighbour has tried to convince me that, although the horse apparently won easily, yet there were certain evidences that, had anything got near him, he would have turned it up. A swishing tail mostly means an aversion to the task of trying to win races, but there are instances in which it is what we should, in a man, call a mannerism. Green Cloth may be cited as an example. You often hear the phrase that a horse won "with a stone in hand." The man who utters it is mostly contradicted—flatly or gently, as the case may be—by those who try to impress on him that it is very difficult to estimate how much a horse has in hand when an easy victory is scored. How much, for instance, did Neil Gow, Traquair, Kilbroney, and Hornet's Beauty have in hand when they won their races at Kempton, Sandown, Epsom, and Ascot, after conceding their opponents start, and in one or two instances, weight in addition? Before Bachelor's Double won the Jubilee Stakes, I heard men, when looking over the horse in the paddock, express



THE ONLY SPORT OF ITS KIND BETWEEN THE KILLING OF A MAY FOX BY A LATE HUNTING PACK AND THE BEGINNING OF THE NEXT CUB-HUNTING OR OF STAG-HUNTING UPON EXMOOR: AT A MEET OF THE EASTERN COUNTIES OTTER-HOUNDS.

Uncle Pat and Moscato. The son of Tredennis ran surprisingly well considering the lameness which attacked him twenty-four hours previously—well enough to suggest that had he been sound he would have had something to do with the finish. Sir Martin, who has 8 st. 12 lb., has been going in grand style, and is probably better now than at any time since he won the Coronation Cup. I hear The Story has grown into a magnificent, powerful horse of whom a lot is expected this year. He has the same weight as Sir Martin, and the pair are a point above Mushroom, last year's winner. Ten furlongs is the distance over which Trepida has done her best work, but, judging by last year's happenings, the autumn is her time. The wonderfully improved Ultimus has 8 st. 1 lb.—an exalted position compared to that he occupied in the back-end handicaps, which he won so easily. Cigar, Braxted, St. Nat, and Forest Lassie are a quartet that may be expected to play a prominent part. Taken altogether, the City looks like maintaining its reputation of providing an intensely interesting race.

A Powerful Stable.

From the time Mr. J. B. Joel purchased Sundridge his stable at Wantage assumed greater importance than it had done previously, until last year the eyes of the world were focussed on it through the doings of Sundridge's most famous son, Sunstar. The Wantage establishment remains a powerful one this year, and one destined, with ordinary luck, to play a great part in Turf history. Morton was not able to begin at Lincoln owing to training difficulties, but there is no doubt that by the time Epsom Spring Meeting comes round the horses under his charge will be very prominent. The first of a series of wonderful successes was scored at the Spring Meeting on the famous Downs last year, and, as Mr. Joel likes to see his colours win there, it will be surprising if races are not won by him at the forthcoming meeting. Among his four-year-olds and over, Mr. Joel possesses such distinguished racehorses as The Story, Sunflower II., Sunningdale,



FOLLOWING THE OTTER-HOUNDS: LADIES CROSSING A STREAM.

Photographs by Sport and General.

such divergent opinions as: "He looks as though he has done no work," and "He is as fit as he ever will be." How he won that race running away, proving the second view to be the correct one, is a matter of history. When Long Set won the Cambridgeshire some people held the opinion that it was a fluky win; others that he won with a lot in hand, and on his merits. This year's Lincoln Handicap proves which view was right.

RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Warwick, to-day: Castle Plate, Jesmond; Hampton Handicap, Lucilla; Shakespeare Welter, Venturer. To-morrow: Grove Park Plate, Kauran; Spring Handicap, Gnu; Avon Handicap, Pretiva; Town Handicap, National. Newbury, Friday: Greenham Stakes, England; Beckhampton Stakes, Polonium; Berkshire Handicap, Balblair; Chieveley Handicap, Red Star. Saturday: Spring Stakes, John Amendall; Spring Cup, Cigar; Thatcham Handicap, Himan. Newmarket, Tuesday: Fifty-third Biennial, Cylgad.



WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Spring Mind-Cleaning.

Just as the prudent and remorseless housewife sets her house in order when April's here, cleaning everything within reach—and even those objects which are not—so should we contrive, while on our Easter outing, to have a spring cleaning of the mind, a meticulous brushing and sweeping of the dark corners of the soul. We may be sure we have accumulated, during the winter months, quite a number of dusty prejudices, of ridiculous illusions, of silly rancours which should all be swept away, and air and sunlight let in. Change, travel, absence from work and the usual surroundings, are the brooms with which we must achieve our regeneration.



IN A KHAKI-COLOURED STRAW TOQUE: Mlle. FABER.

Mlle. Faber, the well-known Parisian actress, is here shown wearing a khaki-coloured straw toque, by Messrs. Talbot and Lewis, with a high cerise aigrette made of bird-of-paradise plumes.

Anglo-Saxon folk, individualistic to the core, are apt to assume that they are right, without inquiring too nicely into the mental attitude of others. A rush—however brief—into alien lands, with all the stimulus which it implies, is perhaps the best way to set about our spring cleaning of the soul.

Futurists and Suffragettes.

The small band of Italian painters who modestly call themselves the Futurists are, in their methods, not unlike the militant Suffragettes, in that they seek to terrorise, to amaze, in short, to use "physical force" in painting. And they do, in some cases, succeed. These Maps of the Soul—one cannot call them pictures in the ordinary sense—are very unequal in merit, even in appeal to the imaginative spectator, but all are violent in their methods, arrestive in their intention. I cannot help thinking that the printed Manifesto by Signor Marinetti, the well-known Futurist writer, is the best thing about this much-talked-of exhibition. Even if there is a strong flavour of D'Annunzio about it, there is yet enough original matter to set one furiously thinking. For that the Twentieth Century is going to be as unlike the Nineteenth as that "Jahrhundert" was unlike the Eighteenth is now certain. The Feminist movement alone would mark it out from the rest of the cycles of history, for, whatever its temporary set-backs or failures, that movement is as certainly going forward as the cliffs of southern England are slipping into the sea. The heroine of "The Story of an African Farm" is as unlike a heroine of Dickens as she is unlike a heroine of Fielding. The whole point of view, not to mention the economic situation, has undergone a revolution. The modern woman has already evolved into a thinking, reasoning creature, and she has already her advanced section battling furiously for her indubitable "rights," just as the Futurists are manifesting in order to express the most modern views in pictorial art.

The Doctors and Their Best Patients.

By the time these lines appear, many people will have forgotten Sir Almroth Wright's letter to the *Times*, which is said to have defeated the Conciliation Bill. Yet its aftermath will certainly be felt. The best patients that a doctor possesses are the women-folk, yet so violently sex-prejudiced did this particular physician show himself to be that many of his feminine readers must have made up their minds that in future they would employ only women doctors. After all, the ladies can have their choice, and by putting themselves in opposition to an irresistible modern movement, the doctors would show themselves curiously blind. A boycott of men doctors is an idea which I cheerfully present to Suffragists all over the country, and it would effect more pecuniary damage than many more drastic methods of protesting. I am pretty sure that the younger and less prejudiced physicians will hasten to proclaim themselves on the side of the angels, and we should gradually create a side of public opinion which would be hostile to what may roughly be called the Cow Argument.

In some respects, Sir Almroth Wright must be as innocent of modern life as a typical Judge, for did he not state, quite seriously, that men and women could never work together, cheek by jowl? Presumably he has never served on Boards, sat on a Royal Commission, been in the operating-theatre of a hospital, entered a City office or the study of a Member of Parliament, in all of which places he would find women working quite naturally alongside of the men-folk.

The People We Don't Know.

There is always a curious attraction about certain people whom we don't know. They have something aloof, detached, even distinguished in our eyes. We picture them the wittiest, most intelligent, most sympathetic of mortals. Possibly they have all the charms and all the virtues. How can we know? We simply don't "know them." In London, particularly, one sometimes meets these fascinating strangers for years, brushing elbows with them on crowded staircases, seated next to their stall at the Opera, admiring the same pictures at the Private View. Yet we do not know them, and if we are wise, we should cherish our illusions and never seek to break the barrier which keeps us apart. I know a wise young man who steadfastly refuses to be introduced to a certain famous Beauty lest he should lose all his illusions. He puts her on a pedestal (I may mention he admires her extravagantly), and absolutely refuses to let her descend from it. All his life he will admire her charming appearance—but, meantime, the lady goes by the board. It is a situation like that in Browning's "Statue and the Bust." But secretly I think the wise young man is right. And if we truly admire and idealise those unknown people of whom I write, let us not break the precious silence, or seek to cast down the barrier which makes them the incarnation of the desirable and the unattainable.



WITH A PSEUDO-TUNIC IN SCOTCH PLAID: A TAILOR-MADE IN BLUE SERGE.

The above is a simple tailor-made costume, in blue serge, ornamented with bands of Scotch plaid, which are crossed in the front and at the back, giving an appearance of a tunic on the skirt.



WITH A TALBOT AND LEWIS CHAPEAU: Mlle. FABER.

Mlle. Faber is shown wearing a black hat made of tagal, trimmed with black velvet ribbon, and turned up very much at one side with a bird-of-paradise.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on April 24.

MONEY.

IT looks as if we might anticipate fairly easy monetary conditions in the near future. There has been a German demand for gold which so far has not exceeded expectations, and it seems not improbable that gold will have to be exported to Argentina during the next few months. Against this must be set the fact that remittances to the East are likely to be less than usual. On the whole, the position is reassuring, and, as far as can be foreseen, no money squeeze is probable.

THE MARKETS.

The optimistic tone of the Stock Exchange of late has been most marked, and the eager desire for something in which to gamble sets the philosopher wondering at the futility of fighting human nature by purist legislation. It is true we have had rubber booms, tin boomlets, and such like small fry of late years, but no general and marked activity since the South African War. The shrewd investor has picked up many bargains and generally managed to place his money on a 5 per cent. basis, and now it really looks as if active markets, plenty of business, and a general all-round improvement in prices were within sight. Home Rails are clearly ripe for a rise; Americans are, despite the local coal strike, quite sound, with the probabilities of a prosperous year and large traffic increases; while Argentine Railway stocks have already had a marked increase in value in expectation of favourable traffics coming along.

RIO TINTO AND COPPER.

The issue of the Rio Tinto annual report calls attention to the position of copper, which is now standing at £71 a ton, or something like £14 higher than the average for last year.

As to Tintos themselves, at the present price they pay about 3½ per cent., which, but for the prospects of improving prices in the metal, is a return with which no investor could reasonably be satisfied. The general expectation is that the metal must appreciate in the coming months, and electrolic copper is talked to £80 a ton.

The Rio Tinto is, of course, a low-grade proposition which produces annually huge quantities of copper (about 35,000 tons) from something under 2 per cent. ore, and every £1 a ton in the price of the metal means to the profits so much net increase on the output. If, then, standard copper should average £70 a ton for 1912, which seems not unreasonable, the dividend might well be the same as in 1905, when the average was about that figure—that is to say, 80s., as against 52s. 6d. for the past twelve months. On the whole, however, we cannot help thinking that the appreciation in copper has been quite sufficiently discounted in Tintos, and that believers in the continued rise of the metal could do better out of Anacondas or other mines in which there is a free market.

THE TEA MARKET.

We have from time to time called attention to the prospects of various tea companies' shares in these columns, and the Mincing Lane Market is so firm for the raw material that the prospects of both Indian and Ceylon Companies having a good year seem rosy. In addition to a steady and increasing demand, another factor is likely to make itself felt, and that is the comparative absence and certain lateness of the China crop. Although the Revolution in the Chinese Empire does not appear to have resulted in the destruction of tea-gardens, the usual facilities afforded by foreign bankers for financing the crop will be greatly curtailed, and it is probable that the exports will be considerably less than usual. The gap thus created will no doubt be made good from other sources of supply, and should materially benefit the British growers.

SHIPPING SHARES.

Considerable interest has lately centred round the shares of various shipping companies, and rumours of amalgamations and working agreements have been freely circulated, both in the market and in the Press. There has been a lull during the last few days, possibly owing to the imminence of the Easter holidays, but we think there are still shares with speculative possibilities.

P. and O. Deferred are such "heavy" stock that the average speculator does not care to handle them, but we believe a considerably higher quotation will be reached before long. We have no special information ourselves, but we know that this view is held in several well-informed quarters, and, in spite of the official denial that any negotiations are at present in progress, we shall be surprised if it is possible for the directors to make a similar statement in six months' time.

At their present price of 8, the 5 per cent. £10 Cumulative Preference shares of Frederick Leyland and Company are another issue with distinct possibilities. The dividend is in arrear since 1903, and a debit balance was carried forward to 1911, but we understand

that this debit was more than wiped off during that year, and at present something like 20 per cent. is being earned on the Preference capital. Everything points to a continuance of present prosperous conditions in the shipping trade, and as the price includes no less than £4 of dividend arrears, there is room for appreciation.

A short while ago there were appointed to the Board of the Houlder Line several new directors who are closely connected with the interests of Furness, Withy and Company, and it is now rumoured that negotiations for the amalgamation of the two concerns are in progress. This we believe to be correct, and the market's confidence in its success is shown by the advance in the quotation of the shares of both these Companies. Should this scheme be carried through, which we have no reason to doubt, a purchase of either Houlder Preference at 5½, or Furness, Withy Ordinary at 28s. 6d. might prove remunerative.

LEOPOLDINA TERMINAL DEBENTURES.

We are so often asked to recommend a sound investment yielding about 5 per cent., and have so often suggested the Leopoldina Terminal Company's Debentures that it may be of interest to give some particulars. £750,000 5 per cent. First Debentures were offered by this Company in October last at 98 per cent., and the current price is now about 101. They are secured by a trust deed constituting a floating charge on all the assets of the Company, which comprise the whole capital of the Brazilian Company, which supplies water to the city of Nitheroy, capital of the State of Rio, 72 kilometres of electric tramway in the same city, a fleet of ferry-boats, and a large warehousing business in Rio. The net revenue has steadily advanced during the last few years. For 1909 it was £66,685; for 1910, £86,235; and for 1911, it is estimated at about £104,000.

Redemption will be effected by annual drawings at par, or by purchases under par, by the operation of an annual sinking fund of ½ per cent., commencing in 1913. The Terminal Company is working in conjunction with the Leopoldina Railway, which holds more than half of the Ordinary share capital, and there seems every prospect of a successful career for the undertaking.

The greatest attraction, however, from the investor's point of view, lies in the fact that the Debentures are guaranteed, unconditionally, as to principal and interest by the Leopoldina Railway Company, and as the latter's net receipts for 1910 amounted to £463,830, this guarantee makes the issue practically gilt-edged.

Friday, April 5, 1912.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

UNUS.—(1) We think you should take up your new shares. (2) A good concern; paid 45 per cent. for last year. (3) Somewhat speculative, but we have a good opinion of its future prospects.

A. E. A.—The price of the Alberta Debentures is about 95; the Mexican Petroleum Company Debentures, 94-96; very nominal. We have failed to get a price for the South Winnipeg. Lampport and Holt Debentures are 2½ dis. The underwriters got 70 per cent., we hear. The issue house you inquire about is not much to our liking.

BRUM.—See this week's Notes. You cannot do better than Leopoldina Terminal Debentures and Chilian Northern Railway Debentures (guaranteed by the Government of the Republic). Divide the money equally between the two securities.

APRIL FOOL.—We hardly know what advice to give you. The Company is supposed to be doing better, but its past has been most disappointing. If the stocks were ours we should hold on, unless we wanted the money for some other purpose.

AL SAFAR ZAFAR.—(1) It might be as well to sell. You have, no doubt, noticed that there are two Companies entitled to make the engines. (2) Hold on. It is one of the best West Africans, and will, we think, improve in price.

NOTE.—In consequence of Easter, we are obliged to go to press early, and must ask the indulgence of correspondents whose letters remain unanswered.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

An Unconventional Year.

The happenings of this year are unlike any before it. It started with our King and Queen in the Far East. Then our Princess Royal was shipwrecked, then came three pre-Easter Courts, held under the shadow of the Coal Strike. Our Prince of Wales goes for a long stay in Paris, extending, as it would now seem, over his coming-of-age birthday. There is panic legislation such as has never been known

before. Women have behaved more recklessly and lawlessly than ever. Smart women have not even yet entered into a clothes campaign for the coming season. They have all seen new models, and no doubt decided what they like best; all hang back because of the general uncertainty, the absolute unlikeness of the present to anything else. Even the Boat Race went right off the beaten track, and had to be rowed twice. "Nothing happens but the unexpected" is undoubtedly true of life just now. What an opportunity it would have afforded the prophets had they been able to prophesy. Alas! the Calendars that profess to descry future events are as "non-committal" as usual.

The Spring is Here.

So says the Calendar, but all those feelings which are the correct things for the season have had a severe check: winds have been so piercing that we have fled from primrose banks to good wood fires—we have no coal and have, happily, never missed it; gales so strong that we have gone shuddering off the golf links to seek the hottest coffee made over an oil-stove; furs we had, as we thought, said a fond farewell to have been taken out again and nestled in as satisfactorily, as in the depth of winter. Spring is here in the primroses, the daffodils, the violets, the flowering currant, the budding hedgerows, and the making up of dear Mamma Nature. It is here, too, in the shop-windows, which are gay with colour, and showing flimsy frocks that hold out promise of summer joys to come. One good thing I have noticed in this spring promise of the shop-windows is that the veils are not of the aggressive kind that laid a spray of flowers along each side of the upper lip and caused us to give out undeserved sympathy to the wearer under the impression that she was provided with a moustache; or placed a pattern at one side of the left eye which suggested undue violence; or laid a dark design upon a rosy or a rouged cheek, giving the effect of one of the new lace-work brocades. One would be glad to see a fashion for wearing no veils introduced; it would mean a loss of income to doctors, oculists, opticians, and veil-makers, but it would clear up great misunderstandings between seers and seen. The seer would have a clearer outlook on the world and would be seen as she is, not with veil-hinted defects or veil-hid beauties. The new veilings are wider-meshed and have large chenille spots. Some of them are fearfully and wonderfully coloured. These are, however, probably that part of spring confined to the windows of the shops, very infrequently crossing the counters.



NOT AN INDIAN CLUB ACT: THE INVENTOR OF A NEW ART, WITH SPECIMENS INDICATIVE OF A TIMELY CONSUMPTION OF WINE AND "WEEDS."

The objects held by the lady are not, as might appear at first sight, a pair of Indian clubs, but two eight-quart champagne bottles, decorated with cigar-bands. The lady in question, Mrs. Harling, has invented this most ingenious and artistic use for the unconsidered trifles which smokers so lightly cast away. Skillfully arranged in patterns, they produce a rich effect. Some other examples are given in the illustration opposite.

Photograph by Sport and General.

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Society. What of the Season?

There are many answers to the question, none of them satisfactory. No one seems to know what is before us. The English way is the easiest way, and usually the right way. "What has been, shall be," is our motto, and we still go on those lines, making things progress as we want them to. The season, once the miners are at work a while, will go its usual way. We shall have another Court, perhaps two; the Opera season, opening soon now, will go its appointed course, the meeting-place of royalty, nobility, plutocracy, and of the upper middle classes, the most aristocratic and the most democratic entertainment there is. Whether it is music, meeting-place, fashion, or frivolity, our Royal Opera is a type of how we like things, and a good type, too. There will be race-meetings, State balls, garden-parties, great house balls, large house balls, giant subscription balls, middle-sized house dances, small house dinners, polo, cricket, regattas, all the gaieties which go to make up our season. If there is a crisis coming, as the wiseacres tell us that there is, we shall dance to the edge of it as at Waterloo, and expect to come out on top as we did at Waterloo. That is the British way, and a good way, too, if we finish the programme right.



AN ART THAT HAS BLOSSOMED FROM "WEEDS": EXAMPLES OF MRS. HARLING'S CIGAR-BAND DECORATION.

Photograph by Sport and General.

Sir Henry Lucy's April instalment of Recollections includes a reference to the likeness between Lord Morley and a Guildhall toastmaster, and between Lord Cross and another toastmaster. There have been less exalted comparisons, and in any case, the toastmaster would probably have repudiated the resemblance. At this moment a young Member of Parliament is embarrassed by the elderly and dilapidated version of his face and figure to be seen not far from the House. This faded double sweeps a crossing used by the majority of the Commons, and while the young Member cannot himself see the likeness, others assure him that it exists. "B——'s uncle" is in consequence the crossing-sweeper's *nom-de-brosse*. Lord Tennyson and Sir Leslie Stephen, Sir L. Alma Tadema and George Du Maurier, and King Haakon of Norway and Lord Monk-Bretton are cases in which many people have seen doubles, although the persons concerned have all failed to do so.



AN INFAMOUS LONDONER PRESENTED TO THE KING AT THE LONDON MUSEUM: JACK SHEPPARD IN HIS CELL AT NEWGATE—AN EXHIBIT SOME HAVE CRITICISED.

Some disapproval has been expressed of this and other exhibits as being of the nature of a Chamber of Horrors. For our part, we do not see how a London Museum could be complete without some record of historic crimes. Jack Sheppard, the notorious highwayman, was born in Stepney in 1702 and was executed at Tyburn in 1724, after a series of marvellous escapes. He is shown looking intently at his fastenings. His career, of course, is the subject of Harrison Ainsworth's novel, "Jack Sheppard."—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

THE APRIL ANANIAS, OWLS, AND NESTING-BOXES.

NOW that April's here, I am looking forward with interest to the correspondence columns of the daily Press, in which the rural Ananias is wont to revel. I know that by the time these lines are printed, perhaps before, he will have antedated the arrival of several of our spring migrants. He will have heard the cuckoo and the nightingale, at the very least; he may go still farther and discover some of the warblers that come to us, not in April, but in May. Sometimes the country correspondent is a liar pure and simple; far more often he is merely an indifferent observer. In the last days of March I was watching on the borders of Kent and Sussex a bird that in size, shape, and flight bore such a marked resemblance to the cuckoo that, had my friend the country correspondent been present, he would have wired to his daily paper at once. He would have been quite sure that he had seen his favoured bird, and would have persuaded himself without much difficulty that he had heard "the wandering voice." But the bird was a sparrow-hawk, and no cuckoo, and it would be interesting to know how many sparrow-hawks are taken for cuckoos year by year by those who are content to note the striking superficial resemblance. Another frequent source of confusion and rash statement is the power of mimicry possessed by certain birds. The blackbird is a daring mimic; the raven can bark like a dog; and the king of imitators is probably the starling—he can deceive ears that are attuned to all the normal country sounds, and the range of his mimicry is very wide.

I see that the Little Owl has been taken off the protected schedule in certain counties, and this is regrettable rather than surprising. A few years ago the bird was seldom or never seen in this country, and I believe the late Lord Lilford brought him back. In and round Lilford the newcomer bred rapidly, and, for reasons unknown, bird-collecting landowners in other parts turned down a few couples with unfortunate results, for the Little Owl is the open and unashamed foe of young game. Last year a friend who, at my request, has spared owls for some seasons past, lost a large amount of game through the attacks of the Little Owl, and, naturally, the whole family of owls suffered for the depredations of the one species. It is to be feared that the removal of one name from the protected list will serve to invite attack upon the rest, for I have yet to meet the gamekeeper who does not regard mercy to owls as a dangerous and unwarranted humanitarian freak, and to most of the men who carry a gun in the woods at this time of the year one species of owl is the

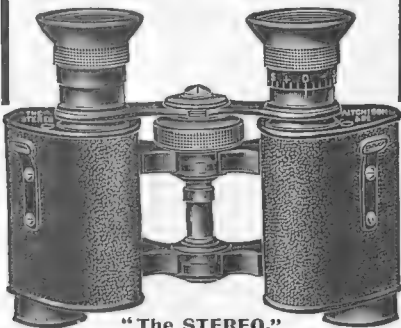
same as another. The knowledge that one may be shot will serve to condemn all. I have often thought that it would be a good thing for our avifauna if guns were not carried through the woods in spring. Traps would serve to deal with four-legged vermin, and magpies' nests might be destroyed without the aid of the gun; indeed, it is astonishing to see how small an effect a charge of shot at thirty or thirty-five yards has upon the cunningly contrived nest of the black-and-white bird.

For those who wish to draw the migrants of spring to their gardens or young plantations there is still time in which to erect nesting-boxes, though it would have been better for them to be put up in March. Modern developments have provided boxes and nesting-trays to suit every kind of bird, and though it is now too late to attract the first nest-builders of the year, a certain number of finches and warblers may be secured for boxes that are put in well-chosen places before the middle of April. The Selborne Society and the R.S.P.B. prepare suitable boxes and sell them to the public with the necessary instructions, and the popularity of these boxes is mounting up year by year. They will draw nesting birds to the smallest suburban garden that can boast a shady corner, and is not too much troubled by the domestic cat, and it is interesting to see how rapidly the birds reconcile themselves to being watched, and how seldom they desert a nest if they are not unduly disturbed. This method of bird-attraction is only in its infancy in England; in Germany it has reached a high state of development, and there are establishments under Government control in which bird-breeding in nesting-boxes is watched by experts, who issue valuable reports. It is found that even in places where no class of bird suffers interference, the existence of the nesting-boxes enables more of the rare or delicate species to reach maturity. This is easily understood, for the conditions under which the natural nest is made are sometimes unfavourable, and a bird often leaves an incomplete nest and starts another, because there is some defect in the site that was not noticed when it was chosen. No time is lost in the nesting-boxes: they are as helpful to the bird as the weed foundation is to a bee-hive, and save a considerable amount of labour. The only difficulty before the bird-lover is in the choice of a favourable site; he must seek advice and instruction here, or his best boxes may go untenanted. Experiments are now being made in various parts to see how far the use of the proper nesting-boxes in selected sites can avail to increase the numbers of certain species that are not as plentiful in the district as they used to be. We have yet to learn if the desire to form small colonies is limited to certain families, such as the swallows, or extends to others of our summer visitors; some of the results obtained suggest that colonies may be formed more easily than was formerly believed.

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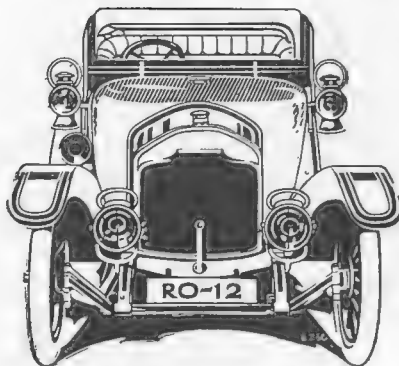
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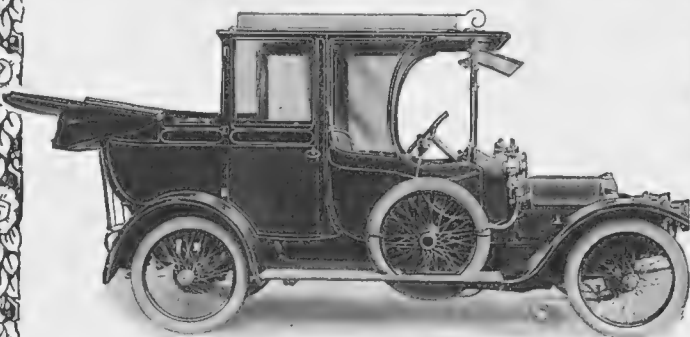
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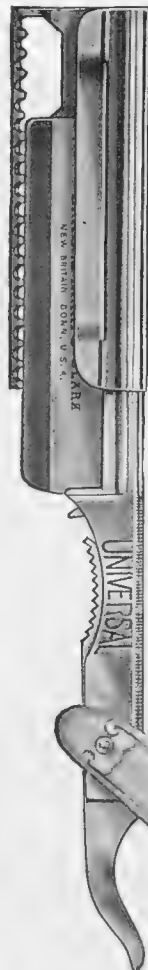
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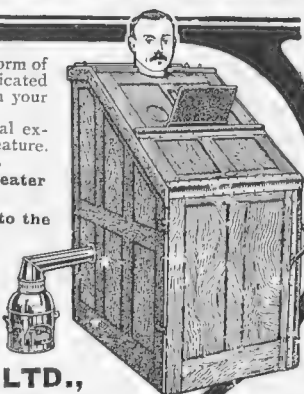
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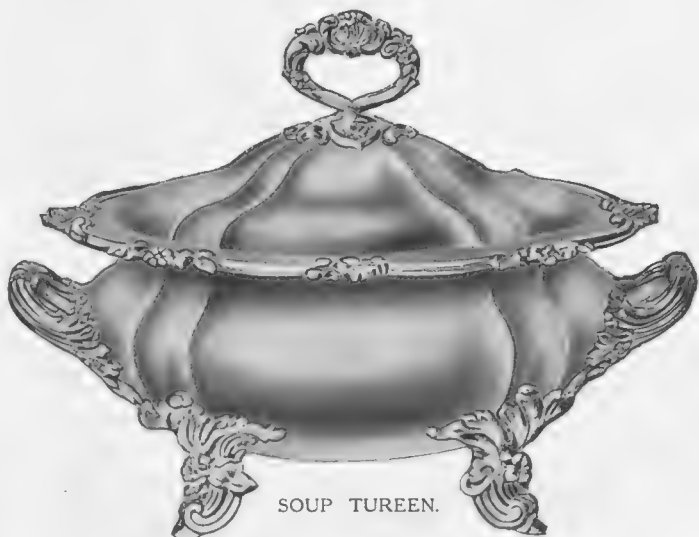
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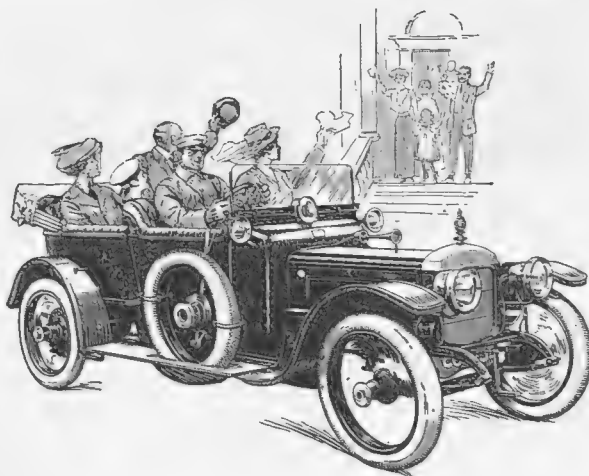
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810 x 90	1	1	4	...	1	2	0	...	3	19	6	...
870 x 90	1	7	0	...	1	3	0	...	4	7	6	...
910 x 90	1	8	4	...	1	5	0	...	4	12	0	...
760 x 100	1	2	8	...	1	4	0	...	4	16	0	...
810 x 100	1	5	6	...	1	6	0	...	5	4	0	...
870 x 100	1	9	8	...	1	7	6	...	5	12	0	...
815 x 105	1	7	0	...	1	7	0	...	5	12	0	...
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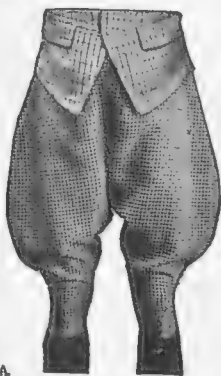
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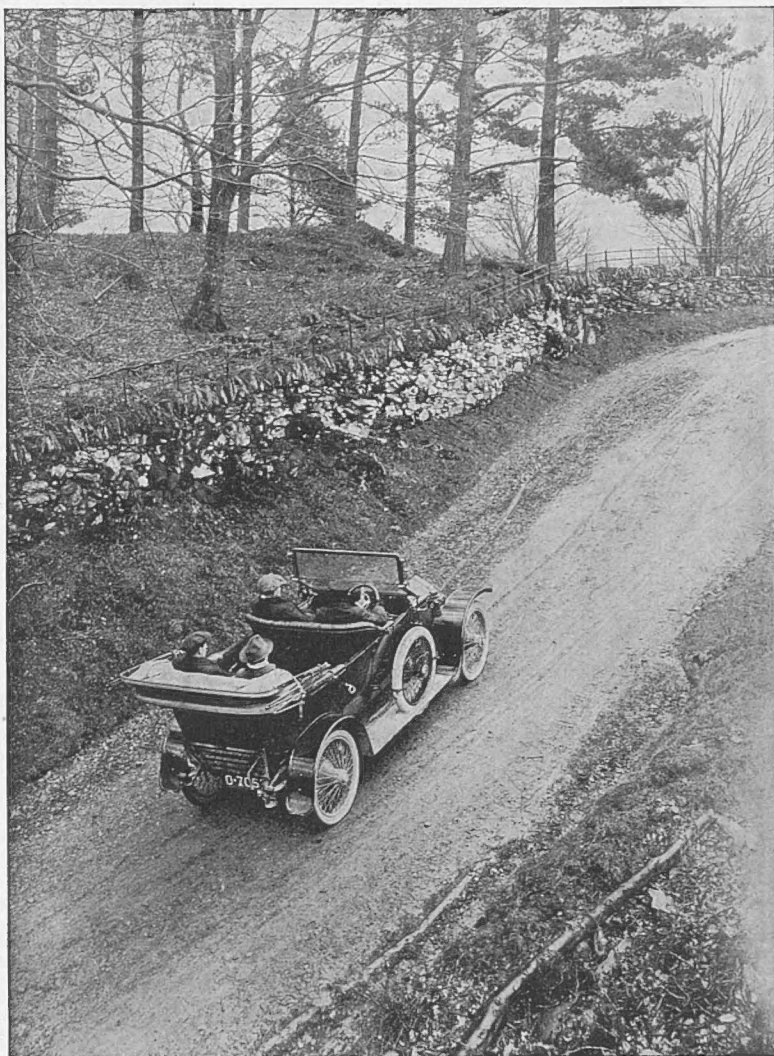
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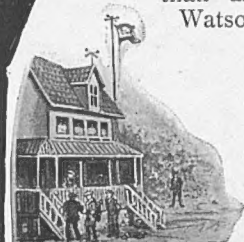
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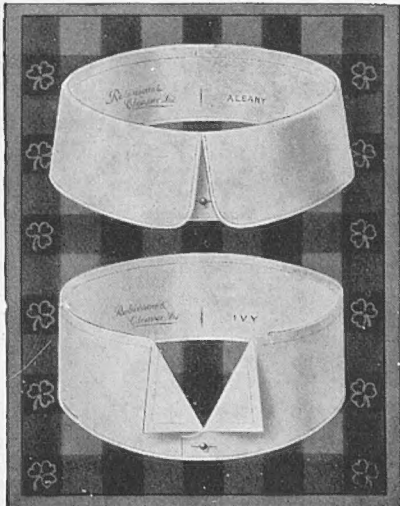
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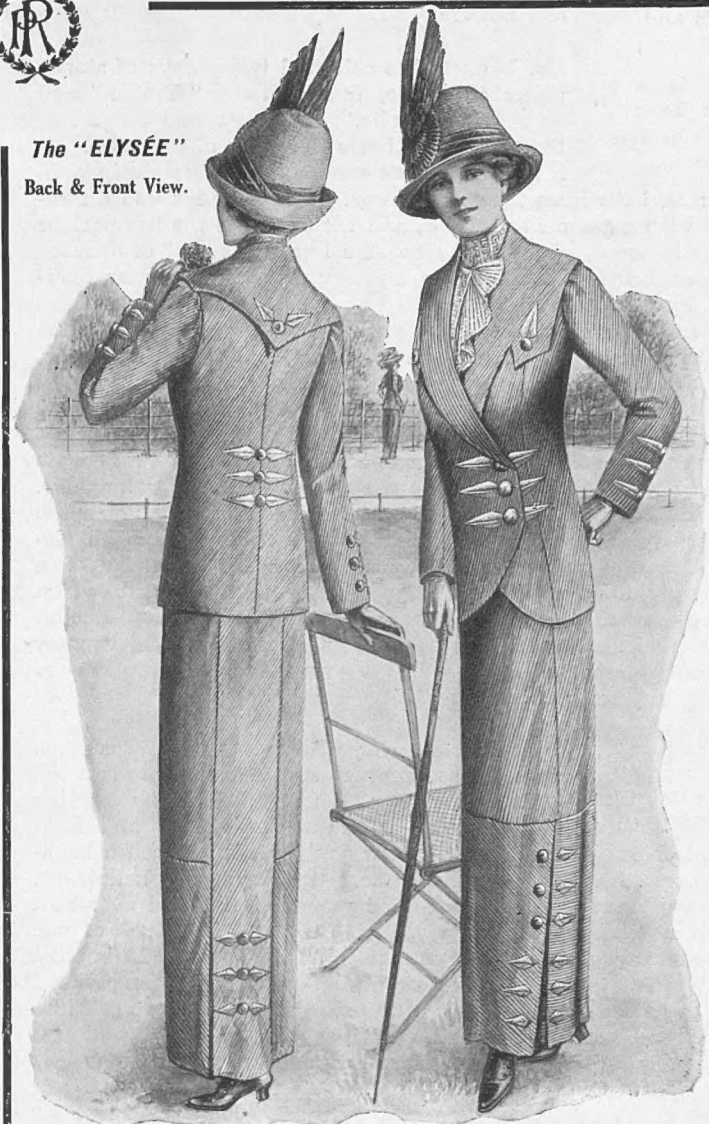


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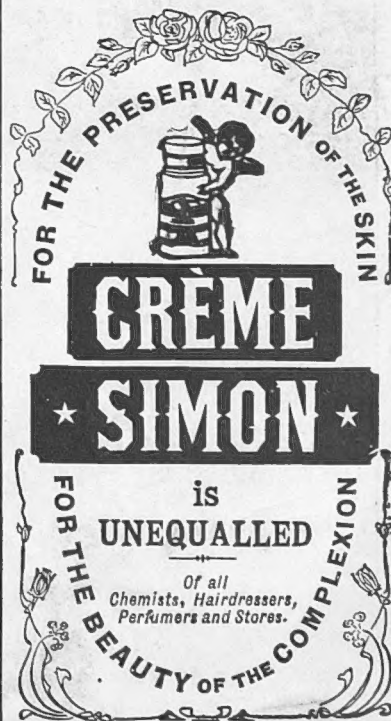
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"Father William."By S. L. BENSUSAN.
(Arnold.)

"Father William" is a series of quick sketches made at short sittings of an old shepherd. He is drawn in the charming English landscape of East Anglia, and none need fear the sentimentality which similar studies, and especially Scotch ones, have made familiar, for Father William is as keen and sharply tonic as the winds of his countryside—all cold with their traffic over the North Sea. The quick sketches result in a remarkable rustic portrait, the portrait of an old man in a red woollen cape, with a crook stick, who grew "wegables" as none else could, who hated better than he loved—at once a deep student and keen critic of men and manners, whose native wit sweetened a very bitter tongue. Indeed, Father William is an East Anglian Dooley, ready with racy comment on all subjects from Boy Scouts and the Census to Territorials and Suffragettes. Very severe on these last is Father William: "Who's 'keep th' ouse gooin' if it aint th' wimmin'?" he asked unanswerably. And, "What's th' Lord sent 'em 'ere f'r 'cept it's work? If so be ye were to gie 'em a vote they'd want to goo down to th' Wheatsheaf every night same as th' men, an' there ain't 'ardly room enough in th' tap-room now." With scarcely more favour does he regard Boy Scouts. "I've know'd boys most ninety years," he said, "and nobody can't tell me nothin' 'bout they." One of the "young mucks" had been found hiding behind his hedge, and replied to Father William's challenge that he was watching for the enemy. "'An' I were some fritted," admitted Father William, rather reluctantly, "an' I didn't hoe no more taters, f'r I counted it might be Germans same as wot th' shepherd sez is comin' f'r to tike we when they've finished buildin' their shipses. So I went inside and shet me door. Lord, if I could come along o' that young varmint what as good as shet me in, I'd learn 'im wunnerful sharp. But I count I couldn't if I'd tried; 'e were very quick on 'is legs an' come up that 'edge soft as milk." And he finished by concluding that "Boys is much worse nor Germans to my thinkin'." His enmities, one of them carried to a point of Dantesque intensity, make many a pleasant interlude, but it is as unfair to tell tales of Father William in a review as to tell them out of school. Mr. Bensusan presents him so convincingly and so self-effacingly that the cry of "Author" should not be forgotten at the close. The Wheatsheaf must indeed have been a desirable house of entertainment if Father William, Granfeyther, Ephraim, and the rest talked there half as divertingly as they did to Mr. Bensusan. And between whiles, like a country walk between cottage and

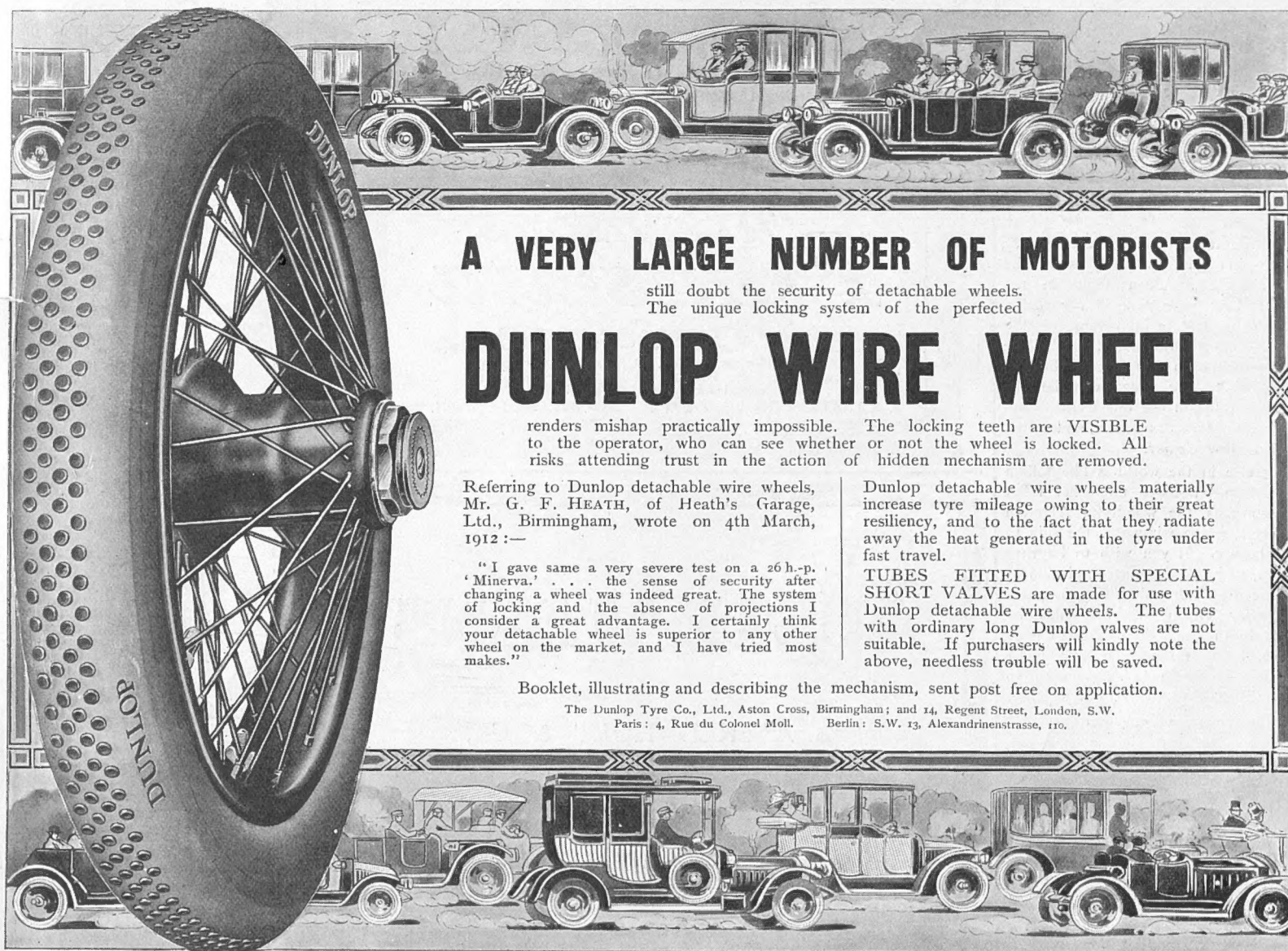
cottage, there occurs a chapter empty of men but full of weather and birds and hedgerow flowers.

"The Matador of The Five Towns."By ARNOLD BENNETT.
(Methuen.)

Mr. Bennett has collected two groups of stories under this title, five of them "Tragic" and seventeen "Frolic." The first and longest of the tragic ones bears the name of the book. It is in Mr. Bennett's most sympathetic vein, and, like the rest, hails from the Five Towns. The Matador was a football hero with a game in progress, and the sequel is the bar parlour of his public-house, where the victor of a hundred cups "of debased and vicious shapes" awaited the mystery of birth, and was overwhelmed by the other great mystery of death. The woman of his choice "encountered the supreme peril," and gave him twins and died. The context might be "mean, harsh, ugly, squalid, crude, barbaric," but its essence is proved by Mr. Bennett's art to be nothing less than the true, fine, romantic savour of life. The same art serves to inform the remainder of these stories. None is too slight for some touch of it, and for one heartache in such a delicate little fancy as "Mimi" there are a score of themes for laughter. Mr. Bennett's readers will find several familiar names between the pages, as well as Five Towns landscape. And here is a fresh picture of Brighton weather! "The sky was clear overhead of a greenish sapphire colour, and the autumnal air bit and gnawed on the skin like some friendly domestic animal, and invigorated like an expensive tonic. On the dying foliage of a tree near the window millions of precious stones hung. Cocks were boasting. Cows were expressing a justifiable anxiety."

"Passion Fruit."By E. CHARLES VIVIAN.
(Heinemann.)

When a romancer wishes to portray his Circe heroine as doubly irresistible, how can he better achieve such an end than by sending her to India? "In the splendour and fragrance and charm of the East," let her smile out from such a background, dressed always in mauve, scented always with heliotrope, and she must allure the deepest-dyed prig that England ever sent forth. If not exactly the worst, Wilfrid Stevens was enough of one to preclude any great pity when the breakdown came before the violet eyes and the red-brown hair of the charmer. A sensational mystery is glimpsed at intervals of the story, and resolves itself into a very unpleasant medical detail towards the end. Work of this kind is so remote from any real issues of life or love that the deeper emotions fail to be stirred by what is merely meant for the pastime of an hour. A consideration which also carries a fair excuse for much carelessness of manner.



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